

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A SEAWEED AND A SILENT CITY

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A DRAGON FOR GENEVA

A RIDE UP THE RHONE FROM TARASCON

Age-Old Conquest of Ignorance and Superstition and Hate

A MEMORY OF BETHANY

By La Petite Européenne

Among the guests who are to meet in Geneva for the festivities of the River Rhone a most unusual one is expected, the Tarasque. Yes, in spite of his two thousand years the Tarasque will ride up the Rhone as far as Switzerland, probably his first voyage to a foreign land. Its old city of Tarascon must be in a great excitement.

On my first visit to Tarascon I took a carriage at the station to see the sights of the town, and said to the coachman: "Take me to the church; then to the castle."

But the coachman answered, shaking his head: "No, lady, you must see the Tarasque first."

"After," said I. But he insisted.

"No, lady, at once, because after you may not have time."

A Pasteboard Monster

As I did not know the story of the Tarasque his enthusiasm interested me little, but I yielded to the old man's wishes and went.

The carriage stopped before a big shed, and the door opened wide on an enormous pasteboard monster, half-animal, half-fish, with teeth as sharp as horns, and with long wings on each side. It was the Tarasque. His eyes were extinguished; his scales were covered with a thick layer of dust; he lay impassive and inert. I walked quickly around, thinking the adventure somewhat ridiculous.

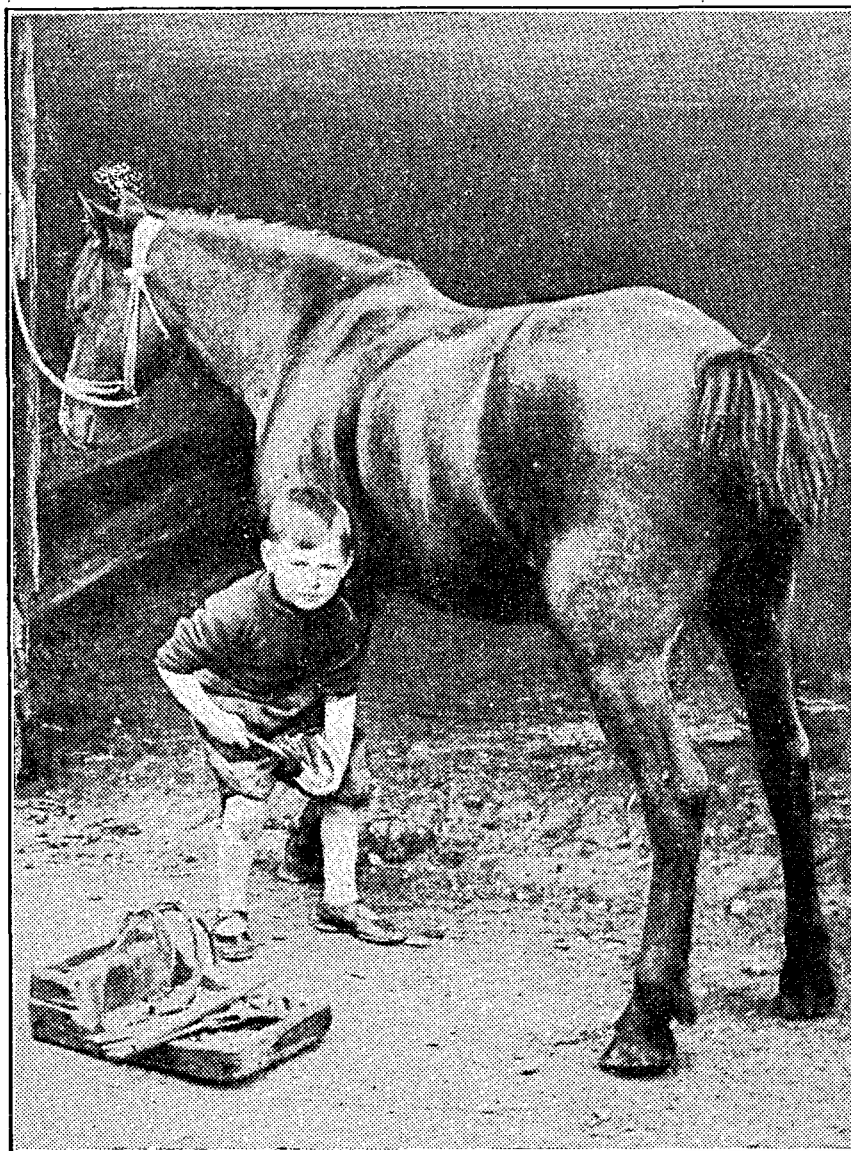
How stubborn they are in Tarascon. The coachman would not leave me, and I had to listen to a long, long tale. But I blessed him for it afterwards, because it was beautiful—a story dating back to the time of Jesus.

The Legend

The legend relates that after the Crucifixion the friends of Jesus in Bethany, Lazarus and Martha and Mary, fell into such affliction that they made up their minds to leave Judea. All of one accord, they embarked on a tiny boat, with no provisions, no oars, no hope, and let themselves float at the hazard of the wind. Eventually the little boat landed them on an unknown shore near Marseilles, at a point consecrated ever since under the name of the Saint Maries of the Sea.

To the despair of the three saints, nobody had heard of Jesus in that pagan Gaul, and they decided to separate and spread the good news. Lazarus remained in Marseilles, Martha started off westward, and Mary fol-

The Village Blacksmith



In Longfellow's poem the smith was a mighty man with large and sinewy hands, but in this picture from a Devon village he is just a little boy of three who is learning his father's trade. He does not believe that the day of the village blacksmith is over.

lowed the course of the Rhone up to Tarascon, an old Roman colony.

The town was splendidly situated; it lay beautifully under the ever-shining Sun. It was prosperous with many important trades. Yet the most tragic anguish reigned all over the country. The god the people believed in exacted new human sacrifices every day, and all the best youth of Tarascon had to be surrendered to its imperious demand.

Now arrived Mary with the spirit of Jesus. Mary announced that God was good. She declared that it was forbidden to kill. She taught that life was eternal. It was a profound revolution in the heart, a complete liberation from the appalling tyranny of superstition. The people, in their excitement, built an immense dragon, grotesque and fearsome, a dragon which Mary converted into the most gentle of animals and dragged into Tarascon, where they chained it up for ever. The Tarasque was in chains at last, a symbol of error vanquished by truth, the image of a great spiritual deliverance.

And now the legendary animal is

still there, a later representative of the old grotesque figure but beloved by the people of Tarascon as by their ancestors 2000 years ago; and now he is going to join in the Rhone festivities.

Is he not a splendid symbol, this jolly old dragon, of the conquest of ignorance and superstition and hate by the gentle spirit of peace and goodwill, and is it not fitting that he should go to Geneva to celebrate? *Pictures on page 2*

TWO LITTLE JUNCOS

At the Crystal Palace Exhibition of cage birds two little juncos looked with beady eyes and much curiosity at the passing show of Londoners.

The Londoners looked back with equal curiosity at the juncos, and well they might, for these birds, which are American finches, were stowaways which had come across from America.

They had been blown to sea by a storm and, thoroughly exhausted, fluttered on to the deck of the Anchor liner Cameronian, 500 miles from land.

We wish they could have a free passage home again.

PRISONER BECOMES A KING

THE NEW CITY OF THE VATICAN

Quarrel Ended in Rome After Two Generations

ITALY PAYS 22 MILLIONS

Peace has been signed between Italy and the Roman Catholic Church after a quarrel lasting through two generations. The Pope is no more a prisoner in his palace; he is a King in his own City.

We described a week ago the negotiations that have been going on and the difficulties that have had to be overcome. The negotiations have now come to a happy conclusion and peace has been signed by Signor Mussolini and Cardinal Gasparri, the Pope's Secretary of State.

A City Within a City

By the terms of the peace the Pope is once more a temporal as well as a spiritual sovereign; that is to say, besides ruling men's souls he rules once more over earthly territory like a king, as he did before the Italian nation made Rome its capital.

It is a very small territory, just a city within a city, to be called the City of the Vatican. It includes beside the present palace of the Popes the vast Church of St. Peter next door, the gardens adjoining the great St. Peter's Square, and a little more land to round them off, reaching the nearest city gate, Porto Cavalleggeri. Outside this City of the Vatican the Pope's sovereignty is acknowledged also over the old Papal palace, the Lateran, and the adjoining Basilica, and some other Papal property.

Some further extension of the Vatican City was offered but not accepted, and the Pope is to receive instead an increased payment in compensation for the loss of the former Papal States, which stretched right across Italy north and south of Rome. This indemnity, as it is called, is about 22 million pounds, which will be spent on foreign missions.

Papal Postage Stamps

The Pope will have his own telegraph, telephone, and wireless stations, his own railway station and aerodrome, and his own postage stamps, but he will probably be content to use Italian money. Offences within his boundaries will be tried in the Italian courts, and St. Peter's Square will be looked after by the Roman police.

Besides the Treaty setting up the City of the Vatican a further agreement has been signed by which the laws of the Church will be recognised throughout Italy in regard to Church property, marriage, education, and similar matters. Some of these laws would not be at all acceptable to Protestants, but they are customary in Catholic countries.

Now that the Vatican is a sovereign State it is qualified for membership of the League of Nations if elected.

A GREAT AND NOBLE LADY TRIED AND FOUND NOT WANTING

The Courage That Never Failed the Countess Grosvenor

FAITH ABOVE ALL

There has lately passed out of the life of England, and out of the life of a great host of friends, a Spirit so beautiful that to think about her is almost to doubt that she existed.

She was like a princess in a fairy tale, this Countess Grosvenor. She was so beautiful that people stopped to stare at her in the streets; she was so clever that the greatest men of the day loved to talk with her; and she was so sweet and gentle, and so profoundly religious, that everyone who came in contact with her seemed to be in the presence of a saint.

A Radiant Childhood

She was a daughter of the ninth Earl of Scarborough, and as a little girl was known as Lady Sibell Lumley. It seemed as if all the gifts of fortune had been showered upon this brilliant child and that her life of radiant happiness could never be stained by one cloud of sorrow. But, as things turned out, her character was to be tried in suffering and grief.

At 19 she married Earl Grosvenor, heir to the great Duke of Westminster. It seemed that she would be the Duchess of Westminster and one of the greatest powers in the social world. But Lord Grosvenor died before his father, leaving her with three children.

Then there came into her life one who was said to be the handsomest man in the House of Commons, the most promising of young statesmen, and a poet of a high order, George Wyndham. They married, and again it looked as if the Sun was once more shining on the fairy princess, who, if she was not to be a great duchess, might some day be the wife of England's Prime Minister.

Never were man and wife more beautifully united in mind, heart, and soul.

Overwhelming Tragedy

But again the darkness closed round her. George Wyndham, died of a broken heart in his efforts to bring peace to Ireland. His widow, bearing up against this overwhelming tragedy, gave herself to perfecting the character of their little son Percy, determined that he should grow up to love all those true and beautiful things which his father had loved.

The war came, and this glorious young life, unstained by the world, was torn from her arms. It seemed that the life of our fairy princess was to close in a twilight of prayer and peaceful waiting for reunion with her lost ones.

But her glorious spirit was to be tried still farther, for she was seized with an illness which made her a complete invalid. For years she bore suffering and imprisonment without complaint, radiating sweetness around her and keeping to the end that loveliness of face which had enchanted the world. And with that loveliness irradiated by the light of the other world she passed from this life to the next.

The Secret of Courage

We like to know that she read the C.N. every week, and rejoiced in the faith that there is an ever-increasing body of parents and children for whom Truth and Beauty, Love and Duty, are the greatest words in the world. We like to remember that she once wrote to us to say that our books were at her bedside. We like to remember the pictures she used to send us of her lovely garden, "from my hilltop to yours."

In spite of her sorrows and sufferings Sibell Grosvenor believed passionately that life is worth living, and that the sole secret of courage, strength, and power is love of God and love for all who need our help.

A WOMAN AND HER HAT

Comical Situation in the Commons

HOW REFORMS COME ABOUT

Hats have been causing trouble in the East; they have come up in our own Parliament too.

Till the early years of this century it was the custom of Members of Parliament to wear their hats in the House of Commons, or at least to have them by their sides. They took them off when they rose to address the House, but there was a curious rule that when a division had been called and they wanted to raise what is called a point of order they must do so "seated and with their hats on."

Today few Members have their hats with them, and anyone who wants to raise a point of order has to borrow or seize the nearest hat available for the occasion, a necessity which leads to



An obscure view of the Dragon of Tara-con



The boat of the Saint Maries in a Church
See page one

comical incidents. Now that there are women Members of Parliament (nine at present) some of them always wear hats even when they are speaking, a rule they have quietly made for themselves; others never wear hats, and do not bring them into the House at all.

The other day a lady member who wanted to raise a point of order was in a great difficulty. There was not time to borrow another lady's hat, firmly fixed on someone else's head, and to seize a man's hat for the purpose would have been ridiculous. So the poor lady tried to balance an Order Paper on her head and failed.

The House laughed heartily, but realised afterwards that the whole business was undignified and that no one should be asked to do ridiculous things of this kind. So a week later a member quietly asked the Speaker if women might be excused from putting on hats in such circumstances in future, and the Speaker agreed. No doubt men members will be excused too before long. Thus quietly are great reforms achieved, among us.

INSIDE A STAR

ENERGY THAT LEAKS AS THROUGH A SIEVE

The Work of the Atoms and Electrons in the Raging Furnace

THE DRIBBLE THAT WARMS THE EARTH

We like the way one of the Wise Men of the Universe explained the other day how very little even wise men know of it.

The wise man was Professor Eddington, and he was speaking to engineers on engineering principles in the machinery of the stars. What he said was wonderful, yet he told the engineers that students of the sky are rather in the position in which students of life would be if they were still wondering whether puppies grow into dogs, or whether puppies and dogs are born different.

We give below some of the remarkable things Professor Eddington said about the stars.

The pressure at the centre of the Sun, which might be taken as a fairly typical star, was between 10,000 million and 100,000 million atmospheres, and the temperature was 40 million degrees Centigrade. It was remarkable that calculations gave the same central temperature for the great majority of the stars, and it would almost seem that there was some unknown peculiarity about that temperature. At these high temperatures a profound change had occurred in the state of matter, and the atoms were broken up or strongly ionised.

Tumultuous Electrons

Besides shattered atoms and free electrons rushing about tumultuously, vast quantities of X-rays (ether waves) were present inside the stars. They rushed first one way and then the other, but on the whole made slow progress outward, and the ethereal energy leaked slowly through the star as through a sieve.

If suddenly all the atoms and electrons of the Sun vanished by a stroke of the magician's wand the X-rays in the interior would scatter through space with the velocity of light, and a two-million years supply of radiant energy would be squandered in an instant. The atoms dammed up this store, catching and turning back the ether waves as they tried to escape, and only a slight leakage dribbled out to illuminate and warm the Earth and other planets. What exactly emerged were heat and light rays.

It seemed clear that the stellar furnace must be stoked from inside, not from outside. The problem was to maintain not merely the radiation from the surface, but the tremendous temperature in the interior which kept the star distended to its actual size, and there was no use in supposing that the Sun's heat was supplied by a bombardment of its surface with meteors.

The Sun's Vast Energy

It was possible to calculate the total store of energy on which the star could draw to provide heat for the rest of its life. This store would suffice to maintain the present radiation of the Sun for 20 billion years. The energy of the electrons and protons of which matter was built up formed 99 per cent of the whole store, and if this portion was not being released 99 per cent of the star's mass was permanent. It seemed impossible for a star to lose mass by actual escape of material anything like so fast as by radiation, and hence it would remain of practically constant mass until with the exhaustion of its fuel supply it became dead. But if this energy of the electrons were releasable the star would gradually radiate away any proportion of its mass, and big stars would evolve into little stars.

There was much observational evidence favouring the view that a star grows fainter and less massive as it grows old, but astronomers were scarcely able to make up their minds whether faint stars were evolved from bright stars or whether stars were born bright and faint.

HAPPY DOING GOOD

The English Mother of Albania

ONE MORE WOMAN WHO LIVED FOR OTHERS

Imagine a rough mountain track in Albania. A country vehicle comes jolting along, carrying a frail, white-haired Englishwoman. The mountaineers come running up, firing their guns, and shouting "Mother!"

Truly it is a remarkable scene, but it will never take place again, for Elizabeth Lady Carnarvon is dead.

This wonderful woman married in 1878 the fourth Earl of Carnarvon, who will be remembered as Colonial Secretary and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. They had only been married 12 years before he died, leaving her to devote herself to their two sons, Aubrey and Mervyn Herbert.

Fighting Malaria

Aubrey was a diplomat and a traveller. He fell in love with the beautiful but poverty-stricken land of Albania, and when he died in 1923 his mother determined to carry on the work of her adored son.

First she set to work fighting malaria, the scourge of Albania at that time. She established clinics, got supplies of quinine, and enlisted the aid of the Rockefeller Foundation.

When famine came to Northern Albania she organised a refugee centre, which was called Herbert, after her son. With Lord Cecil she became honorary treasurer of the Albanian Educational Fund, started libraries, and established troops of Boy Scouts. She also did what she could in the prisons.

No wonder the Albanians loved their champion and called her Mother. With her son she did much for peace.

But they were not the sort of people who love all countries except their own. Lady Carnarvon was one of the most devoted of war workers, toiling in burning Alexandria to help our wounded soldiers sent from Gallipoli. She was a fine organiser, but she had the gift of seeming just a motherly friend.

A Beautiful Idea

At the end of the war she had a beautiful and practical idea: music should help to heal the men shattered by war. So on the first Armistice Day the Vocal Therapy Society was founded, and specially qualified teachers were appointed to train shell-shocked ex-service men to become hospital choirs. To some who had been dumb it restored speech, to all it gave much joy and help.

Lady Carnarvon was a very happy woman. She lived for others, and so was never lonely or bored. It is pathetic to see how some people seek happiness in pleasures, and then getting tired of them declare that this is a hateful world. Lady Carnarvon could tell them that it is a dear world, full of fun and work and happiness—if we each do our share.

THINGS SAID

Most sincere concert-goers are Jews.
Mr. Gordon Beckles

Let us pray that our descendants will not judge us from our novels. Lord Gorell

High heels are causing more deformity among women than anything else.
A Bone-Setter

If I meet an old boy who is bored with life I know we have failed him.
Headmaster of Liverpool College

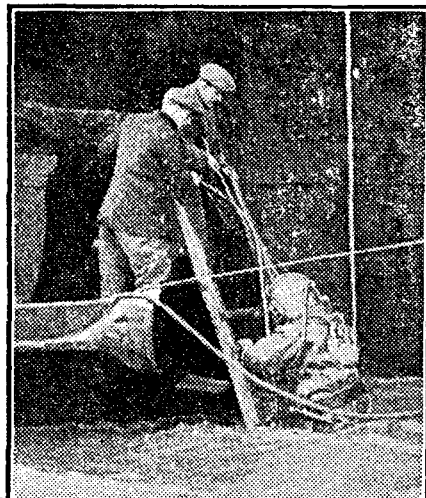
Most American films have done us more harm than small-pox.
Miss Lena Ashwell

If the white races are to preserve their prestige among the coloured races they must ban jazz.
Sir Henry Coward

MOTERING AT SEA • TUNNEL THROUGH BEN NEVIS • HOTEL'S QUEER GUEST



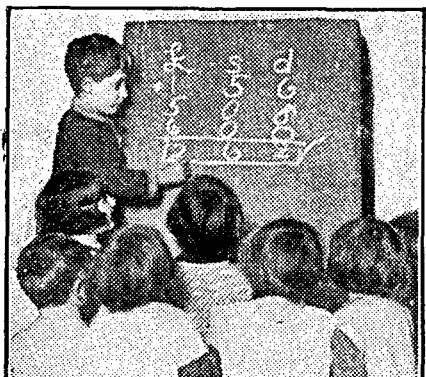
Motoring at Sea—These two motor-boats at Poole, Dorset, are racing across the smooth waters of the harbour at 35 miles an hour.



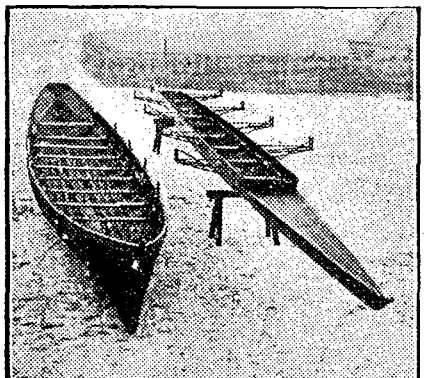
Liner's Narrow Escape—The liner American Farmer entering Plymouth Harbour in a fog almost grounded. A diver is here seen going down to examine the damage.



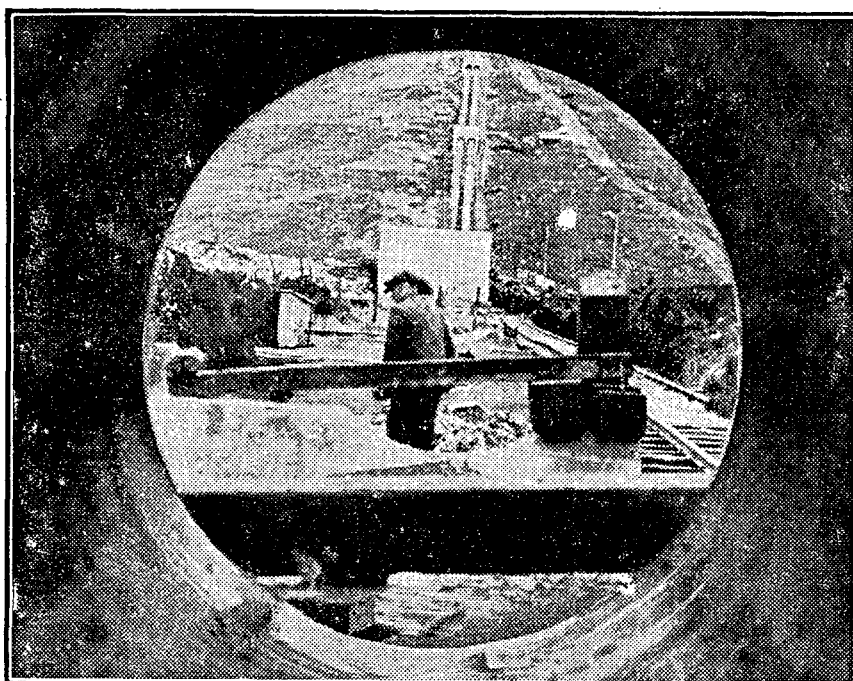
Going to School in Alaska—Here are two Eskimo schoolgirls in Alaska who take great pride in their strange fur headdresses.



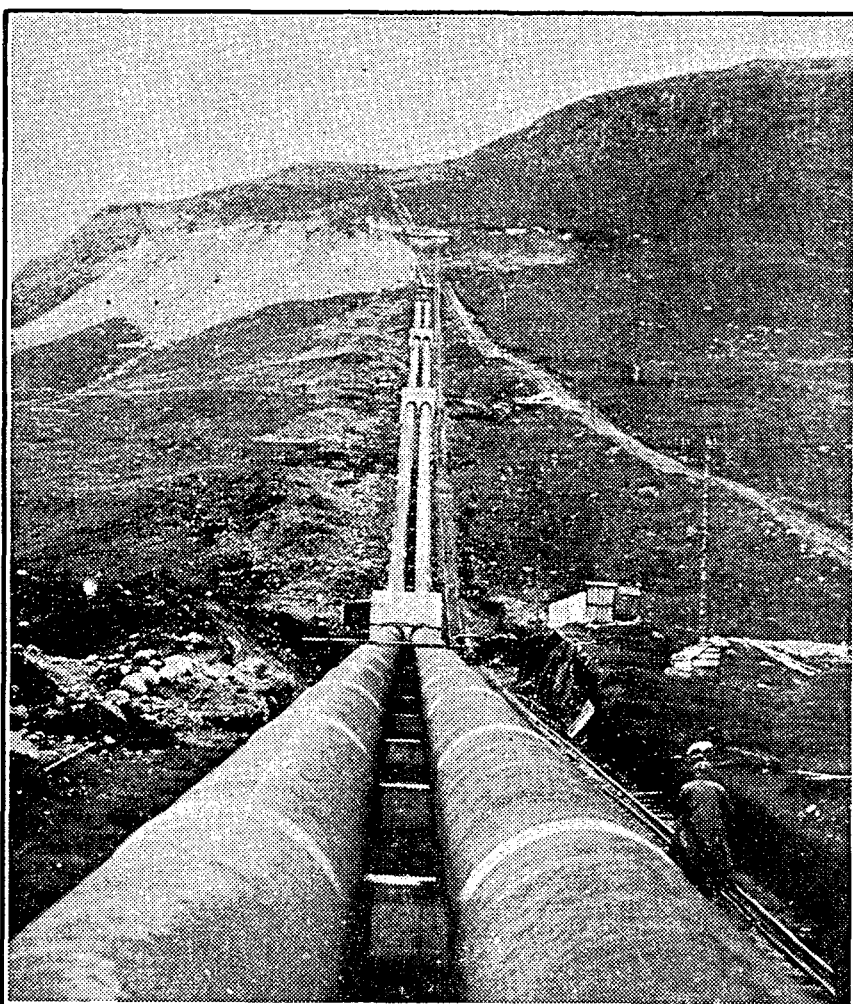
A Schoolmaster at Nine—The schoolmaster in this picture is Austin Egley, a Sheffield boy of nine, who conducts a school of his own after ordinary school hours.



Boat Race Centenary—The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race next month will mark the hundredth anniversary of the first race. Here is one of the boats used in the first race compared with a modern racing eight.



1. Looking out from one of the great pipes at the end of the tunnel

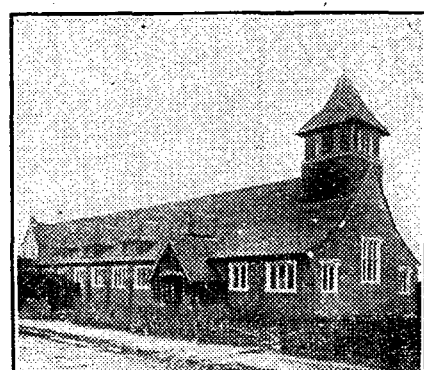


2. The pipes which carry the water from the tunnel to the power-station

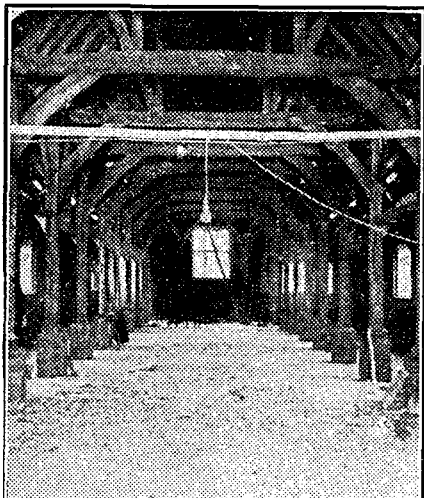


3. Lining the tunnel with cement in the heart of Ben Nevis

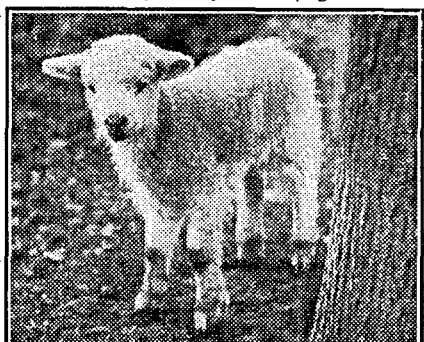
The construction of the new tunnel which runs for 15 miles through Ben Nevis is one of the biggest engineering schemes ever carried out in Great Britain. It carries water from Loch Treig to provide power for the British Aluminium Company near Fort William.



Barn Becomes a Church—In building this church at North Sheen in Surrey the timbers of a fourteenth-century barn have been used.



Old Beams in a New Church—Here we see the ancient beams of the old barn inside the church. They are believed to have been used originally in ships. See page 11



A Little Stranger—This new arrival on a farm at Enfield seems to be ready for a game of hide-and-seek among the trees.



Hotel's Queer Guest—Every morning a giant tortoise at Mombasa, the chief port of Kenya Colony, visits a hotel for his breakfast. Here we see him being washed.



Car Climbs a Mountain—The little car in this picture is the first one to reach the top of Table Mountain, near Cape Town. Owing to the very rough tracks it took about 12 hours to climb 3500 feet.

THE MOVING FINGER WRITES

Pictures Flashed From America WHAT THE ELECTRIC EYE SEES

The electric eye has opened itself again, this time so wide that it has seen pictures in New York as easily and quickly as if they were printed on this C.N. page.

From New York to Somerton in Somerset the Marconi beam system of wireless has flashed across images of drawings and the printed and written word with the speed of light. It is the electric eye which sees them first and helps the common human eye to see them again.

By the electric eye we mean that photo-electric cell which is so sensitive to light that when a ray falls on it the cell transmits an electric current. When the light is shut off the current stops.

A Needle-Point of Brightness

In New York a printed telegram, a written word, or a drawing, is placed in position on a revolving cylinder. A beam of light narrowed down to a needle-point of brightness is then made to trace out every bit of the drawing or the writing.

As the spot moves it is reflected from the sheet of paper and its picture lines or its letters, and sometimes the reflection will be bright and sometimes dull. These reflections pass into the electric eye, and that very sensitive eye records the differences of lightness and darkness, semi-darkness and dullness, as electric current.

The cylinder, with the picture or print attached to it, is always moving at a speed that is known. So is the pointed finger of light. Everything is exact; it has taken two years of experiment to make it so.

The Winking Cell

The currents delivered by the electric eye are magnified, and are then sent across the Atlantic by beam wireless. When these electric impulses arrive at Somerton the process is reversed. The currents are sent backward. The receiving electric cell acts in a different way from its twin in New York. It winks. It allows the spot of light to shine only when the current comes through.

But at Somerton the receiving cylinder, on which a strip of photographic paper is fixed, moves exactly in time with the cylinder at New York. The spot of light which traced the drawing at New York and the spot of light which traces it again on the photographic film keep time and tune.

Thus the moving fingers of light move in unison, they write and draw together; and thus, as we hope we have made clear, the picture in New York appears simultaneously 3000 miles away.

FLAGS AND COUNTRIES

£460 in Prizes for Scholars and Teachers

It is not too late to begin solving the C.N. puzzle of Flags and Countries of the World. Your copy this week should contain the third colour-plate of the series of six, and if you have not seen the two earlier plates your newsagent will be able to get for you copies of the C.N. containing them. £400 is being offered to boys and girls for the best solutions; and £60 and ten sets of the Children's Encyclopedia will be given to the teachers of some of the prize-winners. Full particulars of the contest and the prizes will be found on the colour-plate in this issue.

The plates should be kept until the sixth appears, when the address to which they are to be sent will be announced.

Make sure of your copy of the C.N. for the next three weeks by ordering it now.

THE PRINCE AT A COTTAGE

"Very Glad To See You"

The courtesy of the poor is a beautiful thing. No duchess ever had a truer notion of being a good hostess than a certain poor woman whose cottage the Prince of Wales visited the other day.

She lives in a district where there has been no work for nearly two years, where people live in hovels, go without food sometimes for days at a time, and have only fragments of boots to keep out the icy mud. To make things worse, there has been much illness in the family.

But when one of her sons started to speak of these things almost as soon as the Prince entered, she said: "You don't want to say anything about that." Then, turning to her guest with a cheerful smile, she said: "We are very glad to see you, Prince."

The courage and graciousness of that woman must have touched him more than any amount of grumbling.

Shot and His Licence

He got a very rude welcome at another house from a cross-bred terrier called Shot. Shot's owner apologised, and added that Shot was under sentence because there was no money for his licence. But the Prince bore no malice, he spoke to one of his companions, and the licence was paid.

The Prince's tour of the distressed areas is over, and we know it has cut him to the heart. No one can look on misery without being moved, and if all the rich people in England were to see what the Prince has seen there would be no more money spent on luxuries for a long time, no more hunting of stags or otters, and a river of gold would pour into the relief fund. But it is impossible for the rich to imagine poverty they have never seen, as it is impossible for non-combatants to picture the truth of war.

KNOWLEDGE SPREADING FROM MORE TO MORE

The world at large has no broad conception of the immense work being done by the foreign missions of all the Christian Churches.

The world does not know the general character of that work. Take, for instance, the use of the Press by Missions. Some day someone will give a comprehensive picture of it all, and it will be a great surprise.

We have been ourselves surprised by the style of a copy of a newspaper published by the Wesleyan Methodist Mission in the Indian State of Mysore printed in the Kanarese language. It has been appearing for 41 years. Its printing office employs about 100 men in all branches of the publishing business, and the work turned out, partly in English but chiefly in Kanarese, is singularly neat and attractive. A ten-page paper, selling between 5000 and 6000 copies weekly, costs a halfpenny.

Everywhere knowledge, and the thought of the West, is reaching a considerable sprinkling of people throughout nearly the whole world.

A TROOP OF NATIONS

An interesting proof of the cosmopolitan character of Cardiff as a seaport is seen in the company of Scouts connected with St. Mary's Church there.

The troop has 40 members, belonging to 14 nationalities. Among them are included French, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Chinese, Arabs, and Negroes. All speak English fluently, and they also speak their own languages.

A GOOD IDEA ASTRAY

Why the Peers Threw Out the Dogs Bill

That veteran champion of the rights of dogs, Lord Banbury, has had the disappointment of witnessing the defeat of a bill for their better protection.

Noble lords threw out the bill not from any lack of affection for dogs, but because they thought it would prove unworkable.

Lord Banbury thinks that a man who has been convicted of cruelty to a dog should not again be allowed to own one, so he proposed that a magistrate hearing a charge of cruelty should be given power to deprive the offender of the right to a dog licence; and everybody applying for either a new licence or the renewal of an old one was to be required to present a signed certificate that no such order had been made against him.

Now there are three million people who take out dog licences, and only a very few are cruel to their dogs. The Government thought, and the House of Lords agreed, that the proposal that all these millions should produce certificates meant an enormous extra amount of work for postmasters and policemen all over the country, and so the bill was thrown out.

ONCE UPON A TIME

An Old Barn with a Happy Ending

Once upon a time, when England grew her own corn, her barns were great and happy places.

The farmer's wealth lay there, not at the bank. The rejoicings and pageantry of the Harvest Home ended there. The priest gave his blessing there. No wonder the barns were built to last for ever.

But now farmers in England grow chiefly pasture and hay for cows; we get our corn from Canada, and the great barns stand empty. They rot and fall, or are dismantled by builders.

It is very pleasant, therefore, to hear that one old barn has become a museum, and another an artist's home; now the latest news is of a barn which has become a church.

It was Mr. Uvedale Lambert, of South Park Farm, Bletchingley, who had the admirable idea of giving a great fourteenth-century barn to North Sheen as a memorial church to his brother. It has been removed from its old site at Oxted, rebuilt at North Sheen, and consecrated by the Bishop of Southwark.

With its 13 oak pillars, its ancient beamed roof, and its panelling from an old manor house, it is very beautiful. Worshipers will kneel on the ancient threshing floor, and so the building which has been part of English life for six centuries is to live on as part of England still. *Pictures on page 3*

YOUNG BOYS AND OLD

The Royal National Lifeboat Institution has sent a special letter of thanks to William Stephenson, 72, of Boulmer, Northumberland. He is one of those men of whom the Prime Minister was speaking when he said the other day that men are always boys.

One morning a short time ago the Boulmer fishing fleet went out, but one of the boats struggled back to harbour, the men saying that the weather was getting too bad for them. The lifeboat ought to go out to the fleet.

All save four members of the lifeboat crew were out in the fishing fleet, but old men and boys eagerly volunteered to make up a crew. Mr. Stephenson, who was once a coxswain and had retired six years ago, took command again, and 51 women launched the boat.

She found the fleet and brought it in like a trusty sheep dog.

Boulmer is lucky to have boys and old men of such mettle.

TAILS

THE PRIME MINISTER'S SLIP

A Little Unnecessary Warning Against Tail-Lashing

A SIGN OF FRIENDSHIP

By Our Natural Historian

In a charming speech the other day the Prime Minister dropped into metaphor and warned his hearers against "tail-lashing."

When animals lash their tails, he said, it means that one of them will fly at the other. Now that requires a good deal of qualification.

Animals do not as a rule lash or wag their tails when about to attack. Only the members of the cat family do so. Lions, tigers, and leopards, like our domestic cats, whip the tail to and fro when they are angry, but when they are about to attack this ceases, and the tail becomes as rigid as a rod. Moreover, they make as much display of tail-lashing when at play as when stalking for a kill.

The Dog and the Hyena

The dog that wags its tail is not to be feared. When he droops it he is instinctively remembering the lessons of the wilds. Then he imitates the hyena, which, when about to engage in battle, tucks its tail between its hind legs lest it should be bitten off. When two rival dogs approach each holds its tail rigid; the moment tails begin to lash we know they are to be friends.

The tail in Nature is much less a symbol of war than an organ of service. To running animals it is a rudder; to rabbits and foxes a white-tipped tail is given to act as signal to others of their kind when they run ahead to discover food or prey, or to guide the way to safety in time of danger.

To such animals as the American monkeys, the opossums and so forth, the tail is a fifth hand, a grasping organ. A New World monkey can grip a bough with its tail and pick fruits with it. An alligator uses its tail not merely as a propeller in the water, but as a sort of flail with which to sweep a four-legged animal off its feet.

Tails To Be Avoided

To a kangaroo its tail is the third leg of the tripod on which it sits when at rest; a lemur uses its tail as a kind of fur boa with which it wreathes its neck when about to sleep. Some of the reptiles use the tail as a pawn or hostage, leaving it in the hands of a captor while the head and body of the animal nimbly escape to safety.

But generally the tail of land animals is a whisk with which to flick irritating flies off the body.

Perhaps the only three tails of whose lashings we need be afraid, apart from the danger-signals of the cat tribe, are the tail of the whale, which can smash a boat with a single blow; the vicious sweep of the tail of the sting ray, which is furnished with poisoned barbs; and the blow of the alligator's tail, which can sweep a victim into the reptile's open mouth. *E. A. B.*

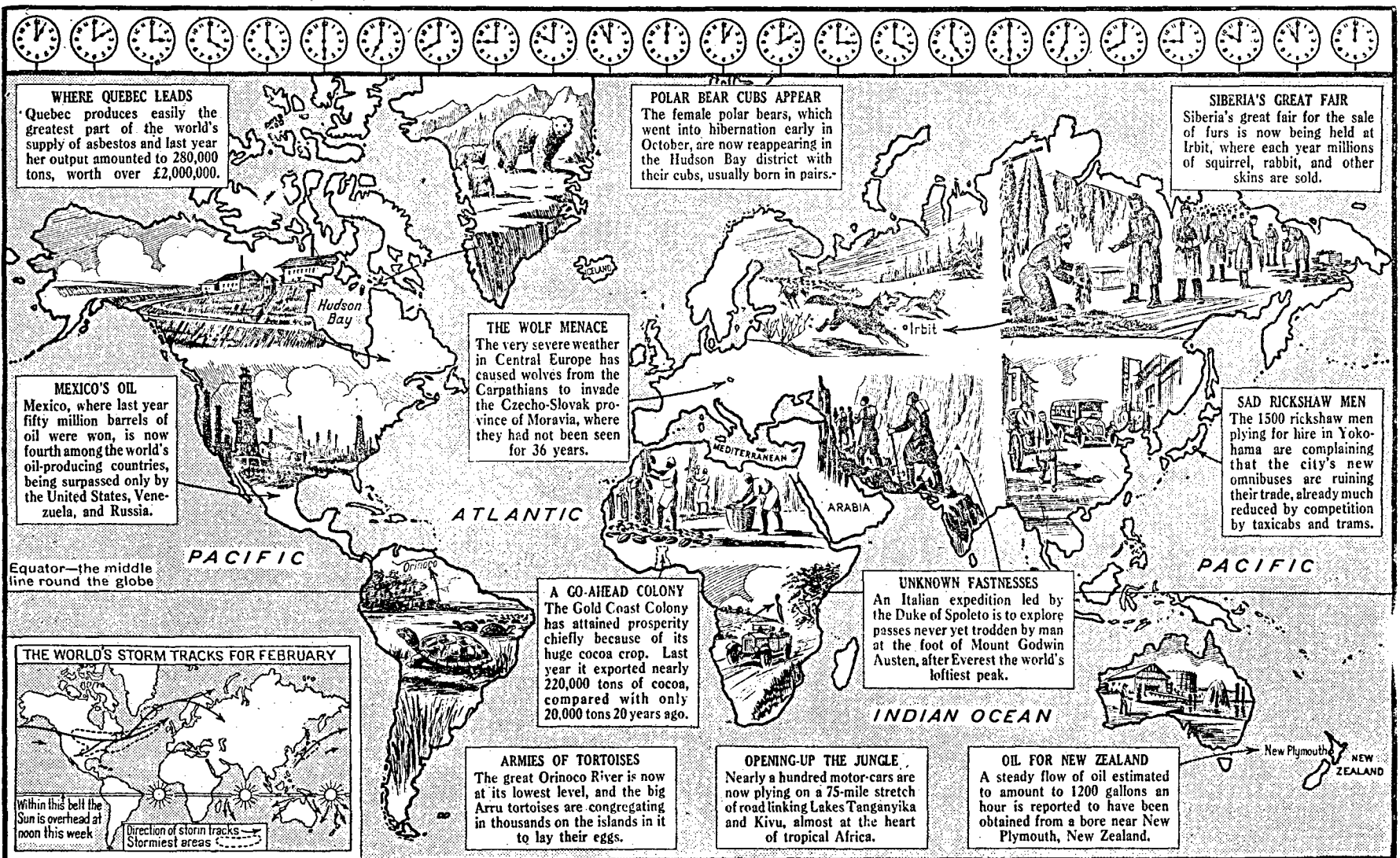
89 NOT OUT

An Australian reader of the C.N. in Ballarat sends us the record of religious service of Mr. William Rain, of Learmouth, who has been entertained at a complimentary dinner by the Presbytery of Ballarat after he had passed the mile-post of his 89th year.

The list of duties fulfilled includes treasurer of the Presbytery 17 years, clerk of the session 24 years, member of the Presbytery 49 years, elder and secretary of the congregation 51 years, and teacher and superintendent of the Sunday-school 64 years.

The world can contain few longer records of perseverance in well-doing.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



BETWEEN TWO ROYAL WEDDINGS 1589-1929

Prince Olaf and Princess Martha will be married in Oslo in March. The last royal wedding in Oslo took place in 1589, and is said to have caused much burning of witches.

King James the Sixth of Scotland, who was one day to be James the First of England, was betrothed to Princess Anna, whose father ruled Norway and Denmark, and she was to come to Scotland to be married. She set out from Copenhagen, but such gales sprang up that she was obliged to creep into Oslo harbour and there she remained waiting for the storms to abate.

When James heard the tidings he set out across the sea, married Anna in Oslo instead of in Edinburgh, and conducted her to her new home. Then he set about burning the witches who had caused the storms to thwart his marriage. We should blame a secondary depression today.

How the world has changed between these two royal weddings!

A CATHEDRAL BUILDER Young Architect in the Young Capital

We recorded the other day the death of Mr. Ralph Knott who, when a young man in an architect's office, heard on the telephone that his plan for London County Hall had been chosen.

There is another young man, Harold Crone (still under 40), working in an architect's office in Sydney, a native of Brighton. He was third in the competition for designing the Presbyterian Assembly Hall at Sydney, and only just lost in the competition for the War Memorial for Canberra.

Now his plans have been chosen for the cathedral to be built at Canberra at a cost of £150,000. He received the news while lying in a Sydney hospital.

BRIGHTER DEPTFORD Scarlet Geraniums and Blue Lobelia

Deptford, the most populous borough in South London, has determined to get rid of the name of Dirty Deptford, and to smarten up a bit, as its neighbour Bermondsey has long been doing.

Very appropriately Councillor Green is leading the new movement and means to see greenery in Deptford's churchyard in place of dumps of empty tins. Deptford's town hall, too, he wishes to see garlanded with scarlet geraniums. Mrs. White, a Conservative lady councillor, puts in a plea for blue lobelia to counteract the Socialist red of the geraniums, but offers to compromise with pinks (white ones, no doubt).

A brand new committee has been formed called the Beautification and Social Amenities Committee, an admirable committee in spite of its name. It will care for open spaces, and will plant shrubs and flowers in waste places and trees in the streets.

Dear Scarlet Geraniums! Hurrah for the Blue Lobelia!

UP THE CATHEDRAL TOWER

The Longest Lift in London

The great tower of Westminster Cathedral, which can be seen from so many parts of London, is to have a lift.

It will be the longest lift in London, for it will rise 185 feet to the upper platform of the tower, and the journey will take over half a minute. That will be an improvement on the 300 steps which now have to be climbed to see the view.

The lift will carry 10 passengers. To make room for it the Angelus bell, which West Londoners can hear daily at eight, twelve, and six, will be raised to a higher level.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL Some Figures

Baron Emile d'Erlanger, chairman of the Channel Tunnel Company, has been giving some interesting financial particulars of the scheme to a meeting of Members of Parliament.

The tunnel, as we know, is to cost thirty million pounds, and the Baron says the British half of this money can easily be raised without any help from the Government. The twin tunnels, each with its one-way traffic, will be 24 miles long and 20 feet wide, and there will be a twelve-foot drainage tunnel below them.

Four million passengers a year, paying the present average charge for the Channel crossing of 16s. a head, together with the revenue from freight, would yield an income of three million pounds a year; and as the annual expenditure is expected to be only one million a profit of ten per cent is expected on the 30 millions capital.

BORONIA

What's in a name? Well, here's a little coincidence through a name.

Some time ago the C.N. had a reference to the Australian flower Boronia and an Australian lady's wonder at its neglect over here. That reference has brought us a pleasant proof that if we neglect the Boronia Australians never do. The evidence comes from South Africa, with a snapshot of little Boronia Warren.

Boronia is a South African English child through both her parents. Why then Boronia? In this way. Her father and mother came for their honeymoon to London—their first visit to England—and there in Bloomsbury they met an Australian lady who so extolled the virtues of that Australian flower that when their child was born they named her after it.

We are glad to atone for past neglect and satisfy Australian pride in their flower by spreading its fame a little wider.

TWO OLD PRESIDENTS Liebermann and Hindenburg

President Hindenburg of Germany is 81, and so is Professor Max Liebermann, the President of the Academy of Arts in Berlin. And the famous painting of Hindenburg by Professor Liebermann is being sent to America for exhibition at the Art Institute in Chicago in March.

Now though both these great men are close friends today, and both have been famous in Germany for many years, they did not become acquainted until quite a short time ago; in fact, not until Professor Liebermann was commissioned by the city of Hanover, Hindenburg's native town, to paint a portrait of her greatest son. A friend of the C.N. called on Professor Liebermann not long ago, and asked him for his impressions of his distinguished sitter.

The old artist thought a moment and then said: "Well; I'm a Republican, and Hindenburg was not, so I voted against him. But I must say we could not have a better President. Ever since he has been in office he has striven hard to understand people like me who are on the other side."

One day Hindenburg asked the artist when he wanted to come again to work on the picture. The artist proposed a Friday. The President's secretary reminded him that he had planned to go hunting that day. "Let it go," said Hindenburg, "and let Herr Liebermann come; I know how unpleasant it is to have to interrupt a piece of work one has started."

So two of Germany's greatest men, though differing in politics, have learned to understand each other and become staunch friends.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Sunshine	32 hrs.	Tynemouth	2'95 ins.
Rainfall	0'87 ins.	Holyhead	2'40 ins.
Wet days	11	Liverpool	1'54 ins.
Dry days	20	Southampton	0'95 ins.
Warmest day	31st	Dublin	0'91 ins.
Coldest	6th, 7th, 9th	Edinburgh	0'67 ins.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 23 1929

Spring Is Coming

A TOURIST who climbed Mont Blanc to see the dawn is said to have been disappointed with the Sun's timekeeping. Judged by his watch the Sun was several minutes late.

Spring, also, is frequently late. Our time-table says March 21, but Spring seldom keeps to it.

Calendars certainly lead to unwarranted expectations. If we trust them too implicitly disappointment very often awaits us. Much the better way is to turn to Nature herself, to discover for ourselves some sign that for us means Spring. That has been done; and it is not without interest to know how others have dated Spring.

The Greeks, for instance, knew it was Spring when pair after pair of turtle doves swooped down to the brooks. In April or May a quiet English pool will be found flecked over with the down of wood pigeons that come to drink and bathe in it.

John Burroughs thought the little piping of frogs was as good a starting-point as any. He had heard city people call it lonesome and depressing, but to the lover of the country it was, he held, a pure Spring melody. No Spring sound appealed to him more or was more suggestive. No bird note, he thought, could surpass the frog's piping as a Spring token. When this little amphibian crept out of the mud and inflated its throat you might be sure that Spring had come, the old poet was fond of saying.

Others, of course, choose other tokens. For some the cuckoo is Spring's true promise. But the cuckoo is a rather late arrival, putting in an appearance only after the season is thoroughly well aired. Some date Spring from the first swallow or the first primrose, "telling tales about the Sun, when there's little warmth or none."

In a sense Spring comes with the first snowdrop; it is seen when rose-bush and honeysuckle put forth young leaves in the year's earliest days, and with the quaint winter aconite "with its frill of green leaves arranged like the ruff of an Elizabethan courtier." That is to make Spring too soon, yet some find delight in it. For them Spring is a bad timekeeper only because it comes before its scheduled time.

Sir Francis Darwin suggested that Winter really ends with January, that it only consists of two months, December and January. It is an attractive idea; by extending it a little we might abolish Winter, and find our Spring day in November, its token the robin's song or the leaf buds on the trees, already formed before the old leaves fall. In that song and in those buds Spring is certainly on the way.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



M. P. H.

It is really flying, and it is impossible to divest yourself of the notion of instant death to all upon the least accident happening. It gave me a headache that has not left me. Sefton is convinced that some evil thing must come of it.

THIS was not written by a passenger in a racing car trying to do more than 200 miles an hour along an American beach, but by a gentleman who in the early days of railway trains had travelled at 23 miles an hour!

Waiting 50 Years

IT was Tennyson who linked together "the fairy tales of science and the long result of Time" in a line. Often the man of science has to test what is "the long result of time."

The writer the other day sat at a dinner-table by the side of an eminent man of science who suddenly said "I have just looked at an experiment I started fifty years ago today." Then he explained.

There are certain colourings of rock which can be produced by placing the rock in a strong solution for a short time. Could the colouring be made by a far weaker solution if it acted for a very long time? The scientist had tried the weak solution for 50 years, sealed and labelled; he had opened it on the day the writer met him, and had found the expected "long result of time" after half a century.

That is the patient way of the man of science.

Taken for Granted

WE take a doctor's courage for granted; but it ought to be remembered that in fighting one outbreak of yellow fever in Senegal 22 doctors out of 27 laid down their lives.

Points of View

By a Reader

WHAT do we mean, wondered a Dutchman the other day, by our expression *Point of view*?

"Today," I answered (luckily I am good at Dutch), "I saw in the paper an advertisement put there by a cook who said she was capable of concocting spun silver roses."

"But this," patiently interrupted my Dutchman, "has nothing to do with my question!"

"Wait," I said. "When I saw the advertisement I thought what a wonderful cook she must be; she could do everything. But when my husband read the announcement he said with concern that perhaps she could only make spun sugar roses and was not much use at anything practical. That illustrates two utterly different *points of view* about three lines in a paper."

"I see," said the Dutchman keenly. "You have put it so well that I shall never forget those spun silver roses!"

Peter Pan's Grandmother

A CHARMING tale is told of a very old lady who had a very young child to visit her.

This child had suffered much misunderstanding and teasing from well-meaning but stupid people, and was surprised to meet at last with perfect entertainment and sympathy from a grown-up. What could be the reason? At last the baby asked "Are you very young, too?"

"Yes, my darling," said the old lady; "but I have been young a very long time."

Tip-Cat

THE town has spoiled the all-round life that was characteristic of the Englishman. It is so big he can no longer get all round it.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT thinks work never kills anybody. Except when it is fret-work.

GIRLS who are always making social appointments are warned that they

will never get on. They will only get disappointed.

WALKING is good for the body. But bad for the sole.

GIRLS are still bathing in spite

of frosts. And greeting each other with cold looks.

PARLIAMENTARY debates are said to be published without profit. To anybody?

ART demands silence for true appreciation. And prefers the kind that is golden.

WE are assured the Channel Tunnel would create no new military risk. Any army that used it would be in a hole.

WHILE men talk of war they will get war. And unless they leave off talking they will never have peace.

The Prayer for the Fight

From compromise and things half-done
Keep me, with stern and stubborn pride;
But when at last the fight is won,
God, keep me still unsatisfied.

Louis Untermeyer

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD has given a camping-ground to London's Boy Scouts.

SWEDEN'S 70th birthday gift of £280,000 to its king is being spent to fight disease.

THE infant death-rate for last year is the lowest on record.

Not All the Gold Can Buy

THE finest horse the fields have seen,
The trimmest boat the seas have known,
And, in the upper air serene,
The fastest airship ever flown:
These goodly things are bought by money,
Oh, sweet is gold, more sweet than honey,
And only gold can make life sunny.

AND yet—a man needs something more.

Not all the gold on Earth can buy
The rider's skill, the seaman's lore,

The airman's courage in the sky.
And courage is life's greatest treasure,

Desired above all pomp or pleasure,

And past the power of gold to measure.

Aunt Sally

Will Mr. Shell or Mr. Pratt Buy
Her a New Dress?

WE are very glad to see that the council at Bettws-y-coed has asked its garages to paint their petrol pumps in quieter colours.

We were looking out the other day, from a window at Farningham in Kent, on one of the most attractive approaches to a country house that we have seen. A friend of ours has made it as beautiful as it can be made, and at the end of the view, flaunting herself across it as if beauty were nothing, stands Aunt Sally, dressed as Mr. Shell and Mr. Pratt do dress her up and down our countryside.

We understand that some garages have given Aunt Sally a quieter dress, but we are told that Mr. Shell and Mr. Pratt refuse to make Aunt Sally beautiful. We hope it is not true, for if so they are among the most powerful enemies of that countryside whose beauty has been the envy of the world.

Why, Farmer, Why?

Our farmers and gardeners are still shooting their best friends.

A bad little grub

Cried Rub-a-dub-dub!

And Fee-fo-fum! cried he:

"It's meat and it's drink

For a grub to think

He ruins an orchard tree.

This bud would have grown

A fruit and a stone—

I nibble it through instead.

Won't farmer be vexed!

And now for the next . . ."

But that was the last he said.

A bird from a shrub

Dashed down on the grub

And gobbled him up with glee.

It does seem absurd

That a man shot the bird

For robbing his orchard tree!

A Prayer of the Chippewa Indians

O Great Spirit!

Thou hast made this lake;

Thou hast also created us as Thy children;

Thou art able to make this water calm
Until we have safely passed over.

SEAWEED AND A SILENT WORLD A WONDERFUL BIT OF NEWS

From the Rocks of Nova Scotia
to a Bank in Cheapside

SPONGING OUT THE NOISE OF THE CITY

Most of us would be puzzled if we found a wise man spending his life in studying seaweed.

But there is something wonderful in every bit of knowledge if we could find it, and a remarkable story is being told of the seaweed that grows among the rocks on the cliffs of Nova Scotia. It has been brought across the Atlantic to still the roar of London's commerce.

The Passing Show Unheard

In Cheapside the new banking hall of the Midland Bank stands a few yards away from the ceaseless stream of omnibuses, motor-lorries, tradesmen's vans and carts. The passing show can be seen through the glass doors. It cannot be heard. The sounds come in because they must, but they are quenched, swallowed, absorbed by the layers of Nova Scotia seaweed which pad the walls and ceiling.

Even the buzz of conversation, the click of typewriters, the chink of silver, are subdued in this hall of silence. The seaweed takes them in, but banks them, and does not issue them again.

This remarkable seaweed, to which it seems one might almost tell a secret without fear that it would be repeated, is only one part of a new science of making rooms soundproof, or of reducing the echo in public halls. The general idea is to make the walls and ceilings of rooms of materials which absorb sound instead of reflecting it.

Where Eel Grass Grows

The Department of Industrial Research has, for example, produced a sound-absorbing plaster, and even an artificial stone which is porous and is very good at receiving sound without giving it back. Other things are known, and have been tried, such as cork sawdust, or asbestos packing, or felt, but the seaweed mats or quilts behind canvas surfaces are as good as anything that has been tried. It is a seaweed of a special kind.

Its name is eel grass. It is fireproof, and is much disliked by those small insects which often find in other dried seaweed a resting-place and make in it a home. It will only grow where fresh water runs down to the sea to wash the weed, and it is of little value if sand is mixed with it. Nova Scotia is the one place which suits it to perfection. It is becoming so popular that it might almost support a smaller colony. One English firm alone imports 50,000 square feet a month.

The Echo From St. Paul's

There is a room at the Royal Ear Hospital which is so soundproof and silent that the tick of a watch can be heard from one end to the other, the usual babel of small noises from outside being suppressed.

In a big undertaking like that of the Midland Bank some three or four acres of seaweed quilting and porous plaster are used. The dining-room at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where at the top table the learned doctors could hardly hear themselves speak for the chatter of the medical students, has taken it in. The big hall of Christ's Hospital, Horsham, where the Blue Coat boys sup and have their Speech Days, and several other public buildings, churches, concert halls, and chapels have adopted the seaweed, with other measures, in order to reduce the echo which is one of the most disturbing things for preachers, singers, and their audiences. Some day the seaweed may take away the echo from St. Paul's.

GOOD NEWS FOR BOYS

SOMETIMES people talk as if there would be less and less work and more and more people scrambling for it as time goes on. The young apprentice says to himself "However hard I work I may not get a job when my training is done," and goes about discouraged.

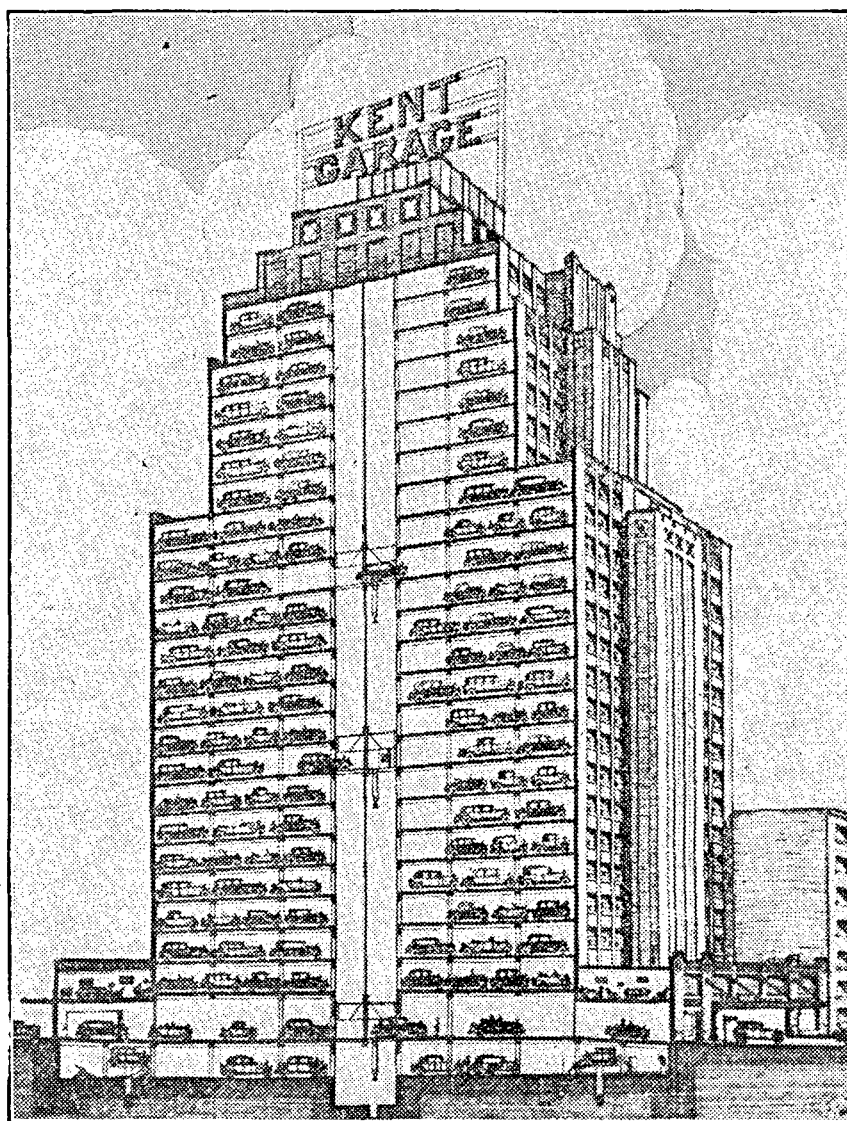
But in truth he is wrong. It is estimated that in 1933 there will be 259,000 fewer boys in occupations than there are today. The low birth-rate of the war years is beginning to be felt, and it is important that every available boy should be trained now. It seems that only the unskilled and unambitious boy need fear the future.

The Ministry of Labour, the Headmaster's Association, the Advisory Committees for Juvenile Employment, and the Association of British Chambers of Commerce are all striving to help the

boy who leaves school to go straight to some apprenticeship or other, so that he wastes no time and does not drift into a blind-alley job. The Headmasters try to see that round pegs do not get into square holes, and the Ministry of Labour tries to secure bright recruits for public utility services.

As a result of all these things, and of the self-sacrifice and thrift of their parents, about 300,000 boy apprentices and over 100,000 boy learners are now training for skilled occupations. What will become of them? The demand for boys from the L.C.C. trade schools usually exceeds the supply, it is said. The 400,000 have no reason to fear unemployment. There is not one trained boy too many. It is only the boy who drifts when he leaves school who has to fear the future.

HOTEL FOR MOTOR-CARS



A remarkable skyscraper of 25 floors has been built in New York for garaging 1000 cars. Big lifts take the cars up and automatically run them off at the right floor. Our picture shows a section of the skyscraper garage.

TOM BROWN AND HIS CAT

TOM BROWN's cat grows fatter every day. It has lost that worried look.

Everybody at Crossgates in Fife knows it, and knows why it looked worried. The miners nod to it as they come back from the mine, telling one another that it is getting on fine. But the cat only waits for Tom Brown.

There is good reason for it. About a month ago poor pussy was down a disused mine trussed up in a bag. If cats can think at all, it must have thought that the last of its nine lives was gone. Tom Brown brought it up to give it another life, the happiest it has ever had.

Some brute had flung it down there to perish, and if the miners there knew who it was he would have reason to be sorry. It could be heard mewling, but

the old mine shaft was a dangerous place. It was not too dangerous, however, for young Tom Brown. He and two of his friends decided that something must be done.

The lads got a rope and Tom went down by it. Stones rattled round him, water poured on him from the springs; but he got to the bottom and found the cat. Then he signalled his friends to haul him up. They could not manage it.

It was rather a frightening moment, but two policemen came by and, with their help, Brown and the cat in the bag were brought back to the surface.

That is the story of Tom Brown and his cat, which he has now fed up so as to be a credit to the village.

The village thinks that Tom is a credit already.

THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG

A BILL TO PUT THINGS RIGHT

The Old Rule by Which the
Crown Can Justify Injustice

A LAW REFORM WAITING

It is an ancient legal maxim that the King can do no wrong.

Taken literally that would, of course, be an absurd thing to say of any human being. In Stuart days Englishmen were asked to take it literally, and instead they disposed of the King himself. In modern times the maxim has generally been understood to mean that the King must be kept out of all controversy, and that when we dislike things done in his name our quarrel is with his Ministers, and not with the King himself.

No Actions Against the Crown

What many of us do not realise, however, is that there is a sense in which this maxim applies in law today not only to the King, but to all his Ministers, and even to the humblest official acting under instruction from these Ministers. Things done by these people under Government authority are legally things done by the Crown, and because the King can do no wrong British citizens today are debarred from bringing actions against the Crown for wrongs they may consider done them in the King's name.

If an ordinary motor-van carelessly driven injures us or our property we have our remedy not only against the driver (who may have no money out of which to pay damages) but against the owner of the lorry. But it is startling to realise that in the case of a Post Office motor-van only the driver is liable, because the King can do no wrong. That is to say, a subject may not sue the Crown.

An Act of Grace

In practice, of course, the Post Office will give compensation of its own free will; but it does so as an act of grace, not because it must. There have been remarkable cases, however, in which Government Departments, under the protection of this rule, have been guilty of extraordinary harshness and injustice.

There is a famous case in which the Canadian Government refused to pay salvage for one of its ships and their crew, rescued at sea at great peril and expense. The Privy Council, to whom the rescuers appealed, had to admit that it was able to do nothing.

Seven years ago the Lord Chancellor appointed a committee to consider these matters, and after five years of deliberation the committee recommended a Bill making it possible to proceed against the Crown in the Law Courts in the same way as against any of its subjects, and giving the Courts the same authority to decide such actions. This was to be done, not by an order against the Crown, but by a declaration of the rights of the case, on which the Crown would act as a matter of course. The Crown was to be made liable for any wrongful act done by any of its officers on its behalf.

Somebody Nobody Knows

That Bill has the unanimous support of the whole legal profession, whose leaders have repeatedly asked that it should be passed into law. No one has publicly opposed it, yet the Government does nothing. The Government says the Bill is controversial, which means that somebody would oppose it, but nobody knows who that somebody is, unless it is the very departments whose powers the Bill would limit and control. As for most ordinary people, most ordinarily honest people, they will, we are sure, be in favour of the Bill, believing that the Crown, whether it can do wrong or not, must by all means be given the power to do right.

EAST SPEAKS TO WEST

Ringling Up His Office From Batavia

A TRIUMPH OF THE I.L.O.

One day last month the Second-in-command sat in his office at the I.L.O. He had been in charge for some weeks while his chief was away in the Far East, travelling from one country to another (by invitation), and making better known on that side of the world the work of the International Labour Office in Geneva.

Quite soon the meeting of the Governing Body would take place in Geneva and the Second-in-command greatly wished he could have just a word with his chief about some of the matters to be discussed, but Geneva is far from the Dutch Indies and it was in Batavia that the traveller would be due on that day, so that such a wish seemed hopeless.

Then, breaking in on his thoughts, came the telephone bell; he picked up the receiver put it to his ear, and listened. Over all those miles of land and sea, half-way round the Earth, came the voice of the Director, speaking from the other side of the world.

We have grown accustomed to London speaking to New York, but there is still room for a thrill of wonder when the Indies speak to Geneva. It is due to Dutch enterprise. Since the first day of this year a wireless line has been open between Batavia and The Hague, and it was this that the Dutch Government courteously put at the service of the Director of the I.L.O. From The Hague his voice was transmitted by ordinary telephone direct to the room at Geneva.

BIG BEN TO THE WORLD

America to Hear Him

We have just been told of a trader who was travelling from the coast in West Africa through the bush.

With him in his tent was a portable wireless which he carried, and as he lay but and sleepless in the small hours he idly twisted the dials.

He heard Big Ben strike. Think what that meant to one who had not been in London for years and to whom its sights and sounds seemed as distant as it in another world.

It had hardly seemed likely to him that he would hear anything. And behold, he had got Big Ben!

But this is a miracle that in a very short time will be a commonplace of every day. By the extension of the method of short-wave transmission of wireless, and improvements at the receiving ends of the relay stations, Big Ben will be broadcast regularly on the other side of the Atlantic.

In exchange we shall hear on our side the surf on the Pacific and waves breaking on the coast of Maine.

A CHEAP TRAM FARE

Those Who Can Choose Their Time

Commenting on the cheap midday London tram fares, from the point of view of the business daily user of the trams, the C.N. said recently that "we can ride more cheaply when we do not want to go."

A correspondent points out that the cheap midday fares have as one of their objects the greater convenience of people who must travel daily. The lower fares are an inducement to people who need not travel early or late to use the trams after the morning rush hours and before the evening rush hours, thus suiting their own as well as the public convenience.

The low midday fares are a reminder to people who can choose their own time for travel to choose it considerably.

PETER PUCK ON THE CHANNEL TUNNEL

"Do you really think," asked the interviewer, "that we shall soon travel from England to France by train?"

"It's a shore thing," replied Peter Puck.

"An undersea tunnel reaching from Dover to Calais! Once it was the passengers who—"

"It was bound to come," Peter Puck cut in. "The Government is opposed to pitch and toss."

"On the other hand," the interviewer said, "I don't like to think that Britons will be underlings."

"We shall not be able to say that at is fair and above sea-board," Peter acknowledged. "I remember my dear old uncle Colonel MacSnooter opposed the underground railway in London because he thought it undignified for Britons to travel through the earth like worms. Besides, he pointed out that if 40,000 spies placed 40,000 barrels of gunpowder in various parts of the tube all London would go up, and the rates too."

Bumpier Than the Piccadilly Tube

Your uncle must have hated the gardener through whom the first tuberoses," said the interviewer.

"He did," said Peter. "Of course the Channel tube will be bumpier than the Piccadilly tube, because there are bound to be knots in it."

"I wonder," mused Peter, "what they will call the stations? They might borrow names from the London Underground which would have a homely ring and at the same time give the passengers an idea of what was happening on the steamers above."

"There will be no stops or stations in the Channel Tunnel," said the interviewer. "Why should there be?"

"For the sardines," Peter explained. "Sardines are great travellers. You should see a City train at the rush hour!"

"I shall do my best to crab it," the interviewer said. "I shall advocate a non-stop run. After paying for a reserved seat why should I have to say half-way across to some female shrimp 'Please take my place?'"

"A whale would be a troublesome passenger," Peter confessed. "But I believe the walls will be confined to the steamers."

"You do not see any danger to our national safety from the tunnel?" the interviewer asked.

"I do not," said Peter. "But my dear Uncle MacSnooter is opposed to it."

tooth and nail. He thinks we are such noodles that we could not guard the entrance and such idiots that we could not invent a device for flooding the tunnel in case of war.

"Perhaps I ought to explain that it was an ancestor of my uncle's who in the reign of Caractacus persuaded the ancient Britons to burn their coracles in case they should be stolen by foes. It seemed very wise, but as half the people lived by fishing they were soon starving, and the Romans came over in their own galleys just the same."

Another of my uncle's forbears, Sir Basil MacSnooter, tried to persuade Queen Elizabeth to scrap her navy. Think how dangerous it would be he said, if all these ships fell into the hands of the Spaniards! Other members of our family opposed the steam engine, the spinning machine, wireless telegraphy, and airships.

It was one of the tribe who asked George Stephenson what would happen if a cow got on the railway line. Several of our cousins declared that ironclads could not possibly float when the wooden battleships went out.

My uncle is true to the tradition. He has formed a remarkable plan, by the way, for rendering our island proof against invasion. First he will empty the sea by a series of hydraulic pumps. Then he will suck up all the air with giant vacuum cleaners. Thus neither troopships nor enemy aircraft can approach."

Spies and Bogey-Men

"But trade would cease," protested the interviewer.

"My uncle cares nothing for trade."

"And without air we should die," the interviewer continued.

"Of course," said Peter. "But would life be worth living? If Englishmen are such ninnyes that they are to spend their lives with all the doors and windows fastened, burglar alarms in every room, and cotton wool in their ears, never daring to go outdoors, life would certainly not be worth living."

"But are we really such weaklings? I don't think so. My poor dear Uncle MacSnooter believes in spies and bogey-men, but most of us believe in open air and open minds. There is nothing the MacSnooters fear so much as a new idea, and yet all the greatest people in history have lived (and died) for new ideas."

"Well, good-bye. I am going to see if I can book a seat in the first sub-Channel train. Unlike the MacSnooters, I do not like playing Last Across."

CAN THE LEAGUE HELP THE MINERS?

ONE of the greatest kindnesses we can do for the unhappy mining populations of our country is to try to prevent such a disaster from happening again.

The reason for the present distress can be traced largely to the strike of 1926; one result following on another until the whole miserable situation of today has been reached.

As soon as the strike began in Britain every coal district of Europe became busy. More machinery and more men were employed for the mines, more lorries and railway trucks, more men in distributing coal. The result of our miners ceasing work was that many people in other parts of Europe were earning and gaining a great deal of extra money.

Then the strike came to an end. Britain again had coal for sale, and Europeans, having made every effort to find machinery, men, and transport to meet the demand during the strike, were not willing to let go all the extra trade they had acquired. Keen competition resulted, which became a real coal war.

"Whether we wish it or not, we are forced to stand up to this fight," said the Ruhr Syndicate. "We must fight the penetration of foreign coal," said the King of the Belgians to the mining engineers of his country.

The result of it all is the tragic misery of South Wales and other districts today.

Ruthless competition has led to that. Is it not time to find some better way? Can the League of Nations help toward the solution of the many difficulties which surround the whole wide coal industry? It has at least set itself the question.

The problem is, of course, international. In January a number of experts from coal-producing and coal-consuming countries discussed with the League what could be done.

The January meeting was a first step; the second is to follow quickly. Technical experts belonging to labour circles in nine principal coal-producing countries are to be consulted this month, and then the League experts will decide on the next step.

The I.L.O. has already taken up this question of coal, and has made a complete inquiry into the hours and wages of coal-miners. The International Miners Federation at its last meeting requested the I.L.O. to call a conference.

No country would benefit more than Britain by a happy solution of this tremendous problem. In whatever way it may come, through the League or otherwise, everyone will welcome it.

BURNING ICE

What a Professor is Trying to Do

CANADA'S GREAT TRADE ROUTE

The Canadian Government has called on a professor of McGill University to solve one of the greatest problems in the Dominion.

The St. Lawrence River is Canada's great trade route, and carries ocean steamers 1000 miles inland. But each winter it freezes over save where the current is rapid. Last year there was so great an ice jam that it was longer than ever before the river was navigable, and worse still, there were a series of calamitous floods.

Our old friend Professor Howard T. Barnes has entered into a £12,000 contract with the Government, undertaking on his part to cut the ice by burning, employing a thermit process he has invented. Thermit itself was discovered by Dr. Hans Goldschmidt in 1895, and is a mixture of aluminium powder and iron oxide.

Ice, which can resist the mightiest hammer, yields before an innocent-looking thing like powder—stuff not so very different in appearance from dust. Mind triumphs over matter yet again. There is truth in the tale of cunning little Jack who outwitted the stupid giants. The books do not give Jack the Giant Killer's profession, but he was surely a chemist, and some sort of kin to the ice-cutting professor of McGill University.

A SHOCK FOR NURSE

Two Stories From the Hospital

We like the story of how Sir John Brand Sutton, one of the most famous surgeons in the world, went to the outpatient department of a hospital because he had hurt his hand.

The nurse in charge of the records received him briskly thus:

Nurse (brightly): Hullo, Daddy! What's your name?

Old Gentleman (calmly): Brand Sutton.

With this tale as text the Nursing Mirror preaches a little sermon on courtesy to the poor. The nurse would not have spoken so familiarly if she had known the patient was Sir John, yet there is no reason why a rich old man should be treated with less consideration than a poor old man.

There was once a hospital sister who insisted that all the nurses in her ward should address the patients by their proper names. One day a poor wretch came in who had sunk so low that for years everyone had called her Drunken Sally. She expected to be addressed as Sal or Bed Number Six, in hospital, but the staff called her by her name. This little thing brought back the woman's self-respect and the desire to win again the world's good opinion. She determined to be Drunken Sally no more.

After all, there is much in a name, and the breezy nurse who interviewed Sir John Brand Sutton would be the first to agree.

MORE POWER TO MUSSOLINI

His Achievement in Sicily

In the great struggle between Mussolini and the Mafia, the detestable and criminal brotherhood of Sicily, the Dictator has come out on top.

Seven years ago the Mafia had organised 1500 attempts at murder or manslaughter in twelve months. Last year there were only 230, which is large enough among a population not half as great as that of Manchester, but the decrease is a step in the right direction.

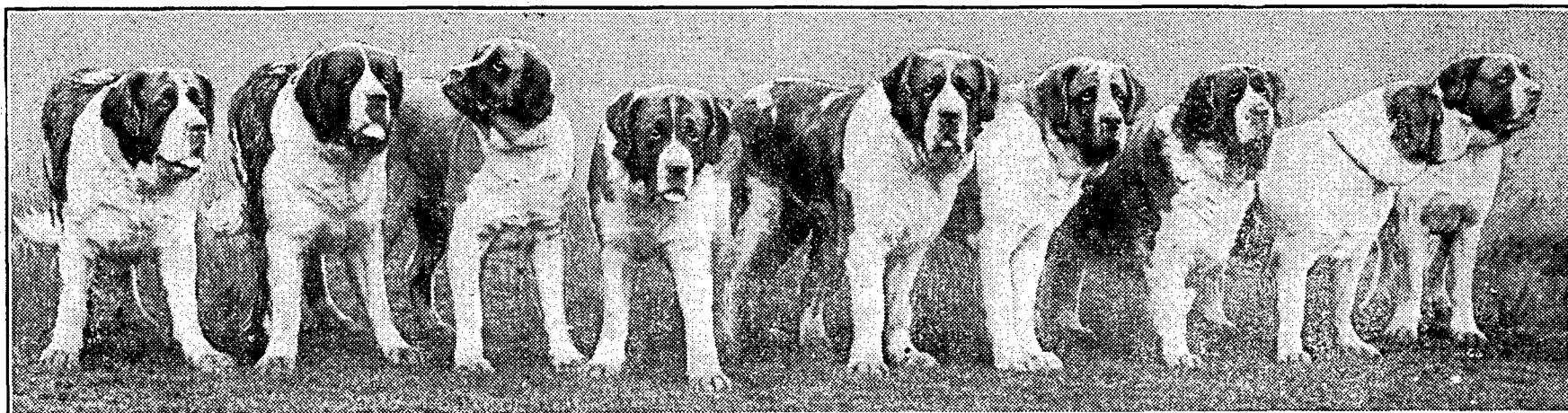
Attempts at blackmail, extortion, and theft with violence have dropped from 2500 to 300, and Sicily, Italy, and the civilised world may well say to Mussolini—Please go on!

February 28, 1929

The Children's Newspaper

9

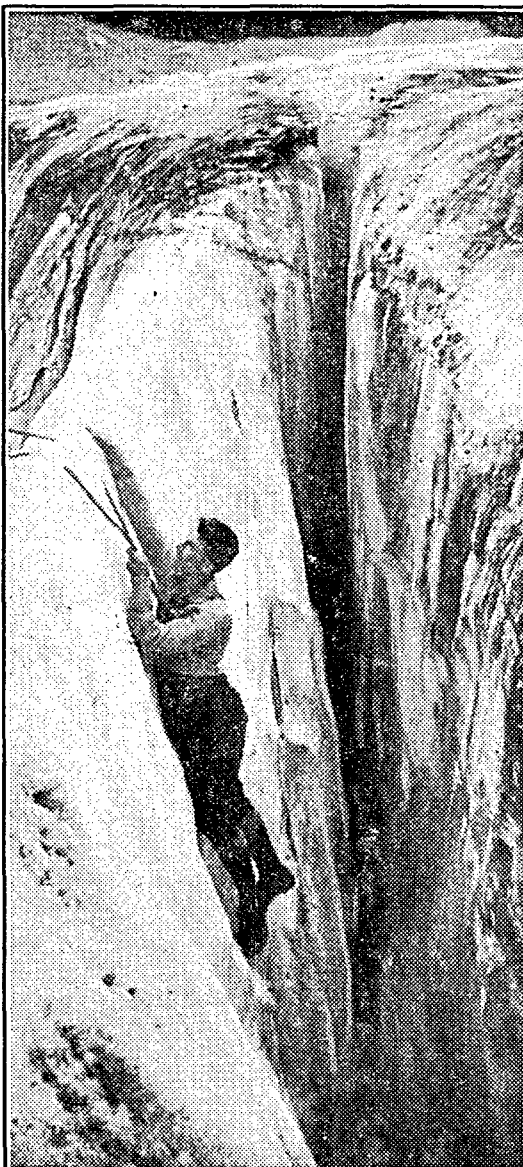
STREET ART GALLERY · BLACK SWANS IN ENGLAND · GIRL NAVIGATORS



Descendants of Heroes—This fine group of St Bernard dogs was photographed in Surrey. They are of the breed which has performed such heroic work in finding travellers lost in the snows of the pass from which they take their name. Happily their services are seldom required since the construction of the great tunnels through which trains pass under the Alps.



Street Art Gallery—Many of the lesser-known artists of Paris exhibit their paintings for sale in the streets. Here is an artist arranging his stall in the Latin Quarter.



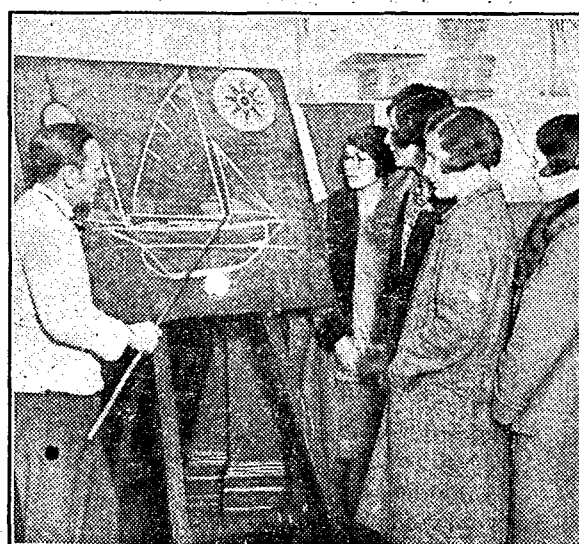
Descending a Crevasse—Great are the risks that are run by many searchers after knowledge, such as this geologist who is descending a crevasse in Glacier Park, U.S.A.



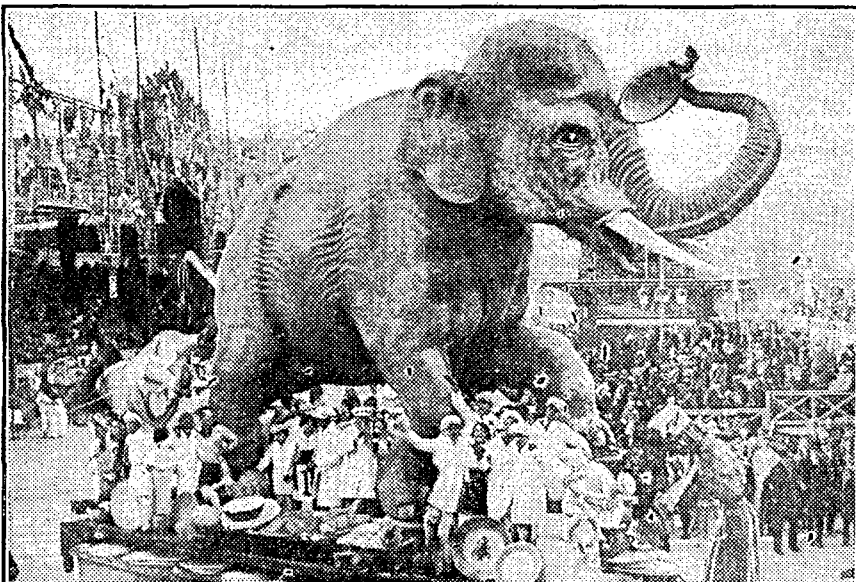
Rare Visitors—These black swans seen on a ship at Tisbury have arrived from Australia. They are rarely allowed to leave the Commonwealth, and a special permit was granted for their export.



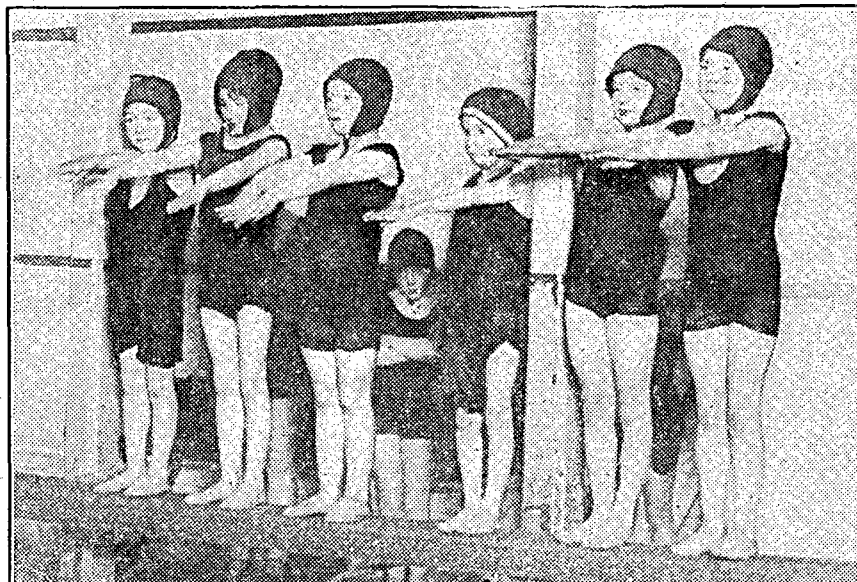
Chess in School—Girls of the Central Oratory School at Fulham receive lessons in chess. Mrs. Arthur Rawson, of the Imperial Chess Club, is here seen explaining various moves.



Girl Navigators—Owners of small boats have a club in London where they meet socially and for instruction in navigation, and so on. Here are girl members attending a class for instruction.



Elephant Among the China—If there is anything worse than a bull in a china shop surely it is an elephant. Here is an amusing tableau which appeared in the carnival at Nice.



London Water Babies—These tiny children of Princeton Street School are all keen swimmers, and even in winter they attend the Holborn Baths to practise swimming and diving.

OLD POLAND'S NEW WAR

THE FIGHT AGAINST IGNORANCE

How the People are Persuaded
to Read and Learn

BOOK DAYS

By a Poland Correspondent

There are many ways in which the new Poland is trying to fight ignorance among her people. It is a difficult work and it requires much ingenuity.

It is not enough to open schools and to have compulsory education. What is needed is to encourage people to learn by themselves, to awaken their interests in all the wonders of life.

Thanks to the devoted work of professional and unprofessional teachers the number of illiterates in Poland is rapidly diminishing, but how to encourage people to go on reading after they have finished school is the problem. Some of the bigger towns have started a very successful campaign. They organise Book Days.

Big advertisements are put up in all public places giving lists of good and interesting books. Pamphlets are distributed in the streets describing in simple language the benefits of reading. But the great event of the day is the procession. Crowds of people fill all the streets to see it pass.

A Remarkable Procession

There is Knowledge, holding a big volume in her hands, followed by Joy, Prosperity, and Happiness. Clean and healthy children are playing on decorated cars covered with flowers, pretty young women are merrily doing their house duties, boys and girls are marching side by side ready to go off to the playgrounds. This is one picture.

The next scene is quite different. Ignorance comes up with the long ears of a donkey and a haggard face. She walks barefooted and in rags. Behind her is a crowd of dirty children and sickly-looking men and women. There are Misery, Sickness, Low Wages, and Sorrow. On a cart is a big barrel of whisky, with drunken men lying about, and close by Crime is stretching out her stained hands.

For certain people such pictures mean a great deal more than sermons, lectures, or written appeals.

The result of such a Book Day is that the bookshops sell on one day more books than they usually sell in a month and the books which are wanted are the good ones.

SWEDEN'S LOVE OF BEAUTY

Brightening the Railway

Most of the British railways now do something toward brightening some of their railway stations with flowers and plants and neighbouring gardens, but Sweden makes it a minor national question on her State railways, and leaves us far behind.

She has been doing it for a long time now, and her success in making her railway stations and the houses near them a source of pleasure to the traveller has become a source of national pride. The decoration and cultivation of lands beside the railway are supervised by a small official department.

Cultivated grounds near stations and linesmen's cottages, with ground used by the railway staff for pasture, total 3466 acres. As there are 998 stations it will be seen that the land cared for by the railway employees is over three acres attached to each station area.

On an average 2314 fresh fruit trees are planted every year, and afforestation is carried on to the extent of nearly 4000 other trees each year.

Obviously we have something to learn from Sweden.

QUEER LIFE IN A HOUSE

Adventures of Three Children

Katharine Tynan sends us this story of the life of three children who went out to India while their father was building a railway in the Province of Madras.

The three little people became accustomed to strange inmates of the houses they lived in: toads, snakes, rats, crows, and all manner of queer things.

Rami the cow had a little calf, very small and rough like herself. Rami was not at all the comfortable kind of cow we are acquainted with at home. Her calf, who was called Seta, was very often found asleep on a bed, or curled up in Mother's chair.

The Mem

Then there was the lean fuzzy brown hen (called by Ali the Mem, because she seemed to run the house) who used to come in and lay her egg at the back of the bookcase in the drawing-room, and nowhere else. All Ali's efforts to banish her were vain. It used to be a great amusement to visitors and to the children when the Mem would step proudly from behind the bookcase and announce the exploit of the egg by a loud and prolonged cackling.

At Alipur the bathroom was very primitive. It was a little outhouse with a hole in the wall which drained the bath. When the children had had their bath it was tilted and the water flowed out. One day when someone had had a nice hot bath and the water was tilted on to the floor there was something in the water, a toad. He did not like the hot water, and he was trying to climb on to the side of the bath, lifting ridiculous little hands out of the water, while his eyes goggled in piteous entreaty.

Mrs. Toad and Her Family

He had been for some little time an inhabitant of the bathroom before that mischance. Presently there came Mrs. Toad, and then a whole family of little toads. Papa Toad did not like the little toads, and went and lived in the corner of the bathroom farthest from them. He was very sulky when any of them tried to approach him.

Once something else came into the bathroom besides the toads. It was a snake. He had perhaps eaten a full meal, for having wriggled his way in at the opening he was stuck on the way out. He was a very poisonous kind of snake. Lorna, going to her bath with the ayah, found the snake and ran crying for help. Ali came and held the snake's tail fast while the children's Daddy killed him on the other side.

Noll once went to see a new bridge which had been built across a river. It was a very steep way down to the river, so they left the car at the top and walked down. They were half-way across the bridge when they heard a rustling sound. It was a great snake, a python, in the bed of the river. Daddy said it was eight feet high and as thick as a man's body; but it seemed much higher as it kept uncurling itself and rising above the parapet of the bridge, looking at them with its head thrust forward.

Uninvited Guests

Then there were the crows, which came and sat on the tea-table and ate the loaf and carried off the butter, greedy and uninvited guests; and there were the frogs, which used to disappear in the dry weather but returned as soon as ever the rains came.

The children used to wonder where they went to when everything was knee-deep in dust, because at the very first coming of the rains they were there in the compound, and their croaking, above the streaming of the rain, drowned all other sounds. When the children sat at tiffin with their Daddy and Mother they could not hear each other speak for the noise the frogs made. Daddy said that they would drown a megaphone or a loud-speaker.

EMPEROR'S ROMANCE

The Right Kind of Love Story

SURPRISE FOR A PRINCESS

A true story like the plot of a light opera is told in Lady Paget's new book of reminiscences.

After the old Empress of Brazil was killed, her kinswoman Princess Louise, Crown Princess of Saxony, told Lady Paget this tale, which she had from the empress herself.

The empress was a Neapolitan princess, and politics demanded that she should marry Don Pedro of Brazil, whom she had never seen. She had always been brought up to believe that it was a sacred duty to obey her parents, and this marriage was doubtless described to her as a service to her country, so that she felt doubly bound to submit.

What Happened On the Journey

A Brazilian man-of-war came to Naples to fetch the princess and her suite. It was a long journey in those days, and several calls were made at different points. The Neapolitans had plenty of time to become intimate with the Brazilian officers, and the poor princess found that she was falling in love with one of them. He was tall, slight, and reserved. Every day she liked him more, and the thought of her marriage grew more and more horrible. When the Brazilian coast was reached she actually meditated throwing herself overboard.

At last the Bay of Rio was entered. The crew lined up, the officers stood to attention, and the young lieutenant she loved appeared in a magnificent uniform blazing with orders. He was the bridegroom, and had travelled incognito in order to win the friendship of the poor little foreigner whom he pitied for being sent to marry a stranger.

TREASURE IN HEAVEN

And Happiness on Earth

The poor, they say, always help the poor. A more touching example of this generous compassion has seldom come to light than in the gift of a lady to the poor children in the Workop Union.

We call her a lady, though in the letter with the £100 which she sent to the Workop Board of Guardians, she says she is only a servant. But when she was a child of ten, earning her own living and doing what she could to help a motherless family, her own brother was sent to be one of the workhouse children.

This brave little girl of forty-odd years ago used to see her brother and the other Poor Law children go by, and now she tells us she then resolved that if she had enough money when she grew up she would be kind to all poor children.

Much money never came the way of Ellen Godfrey—for that was and is her name; and now that she is over fifty she is still a servant.

"It took me twenty years of hard work," she wrote to the Board, "to save up £100, but oh! the joy it gives me to write this letter, knowing that my childhood's wish has been fulfilled."

How happy a fulfilment! When Ellen Godfrey as a child knew these other children they were all but imprisoned in the school, and when they walked abroad, which was rare, were the most forlorn little people imaginable.

They are better off now, but her gift to them, which is to be invested so as to give them an annual tea, will be a birthday treat at which she will always be remembered.

Yet if her name were forgotten in Workop it would for ever be registered elsewhere, for this is how treasure is laid up in Heaven.

MARS AND THE TWIN

THE GLORIES OF GEMINI

Egg-Shaped Suns Whirling
Round at 20 Miles a Second

BURNED-OUT STARS

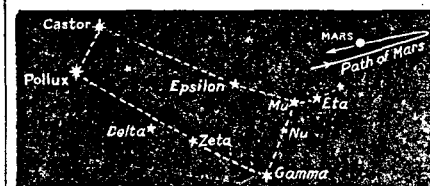
By the C.N. Astronomer

The constellation of Gemini, the Twins, has this winter appeared exceptionally beautiful owing to the presence of Mars among its multitude of stellar glories.

This planet, after leaving the confines of Gemini for a short excursion into Taurus, the Bull, is now approaching the Twins again, as shown on the star-map; Mars is therefore travelling toward the bright twin stars Castor and Pollux, and will be below them by the end of May.

Mars is at present about 90 million miles away, and as the Earth is leaving him rapidly behind his apparent size and brilliance are diminishing, so Mars will soon be no brighter than Castor.

This star is of very great interest, for even a small astronomical telescope will show that it is composed of two splendid



The chief stars of Gemini, and the path of Mars

suns of great brilliance. But each of these suns is in turn composed of a pair of suns.

They are too close together to be seen, even with the most powerful telescope, but the spectroscope reveals this most wonderful quartet of suns, and also shows that the larger pair revolve round a central point between them in about 9½ days, and the smaller pair in a little under 3 days.

Their orbits are much smaller than the planetary orbits of our Solar System, that of the larger pair averaging 2,500,000 miles in diameter, while the orbit of the smaller pair has an average, or mean diameter, of but 1,600,000 miles.

So these suns whirl round one another at a speed of about 20 miles a second. As they are suns of a size somewhat larger than our Sun it is obvious that their surfaces must be very close together and the tidal stress terrific, enough to make them egg-shaped.

Each pair of suns revolve round a common centre of gravity. But this takes 306 years, owing to the vast distance separating each from the other. This is about 80 times as far as the Earth is from the Sun, or 7440 million miles.

Eclipse Every 20 Hours

There is also another wonderful star of Castor's solar system known as C. It is of ninth magnitude, and is composed of two small suns, each about half as massive as our Sun and but little more than half the diameter, though of much greater density. They appear to be dying down into the planetary stage, or burned-out condition, for they shine with a reddish light and possess a much lower surface temperature than our Sun.

This pair of twin worlds in the making are at an average distance apart of 1,700,000 miles, and they appear to revolve round one another at great speed in about 20 hours, partially eclipsing each other every time, as seen from the Earth.

But we do not see the effect of these eclipses until 43 years after they occur, owing to the great distance (2,730,000 times that of our Sun) of this marvellous solar system of Castor. G. F. M.

GOD'S HOUSE IN LIVERPOOL

The 20th-Century Cathedral

SECOND BIGGEST IN THE WORLD

When, a hundred years to come, people look up at the soaring towers of Liverpool Cathedral they will speak almost with reverence of the courage and faith of those who were its builders.

"There was true piety (we can hear them saying) in those men and women of the twentieth century who raised this great cathedral to the honour and glory of God."

It is true that this great Christian edifice has been founded and continued and will be completed in the spirit of those builders and architects of the Middle Ages who raised the cathedrals of France or Germany or Spain so that all people should love the beauty of God's House and the place wherein His honour dwelleth.

Surpassing Seville

It is in size the second largest cathedral in the world, more spacious than Amiens or Chartres, equal in area to the giant and rather sprawling Cathedral of Seville. The massive Gothic arches of the Spanish cathedral have scarcely an equal in strength, but Liverpool Cathedral surpasses Seville in its symmetry and in the way it stands out nobly isolated against the sky.

Liverpool's cathedral rises above the buildings of a city by the side of which many a Continental cathedral town is but a village. It is the index finger pointing to the sky of a population over 800,000.

A million people drawn from a group of towns on the Mersey will come to worship at this cathedral on the hill. It stands aside, and above, the turmoil of the busy city. It is the abode of peace. To it even now come thousands of people by charabanc every Saturday to see it rising against the sky.

INDIA'S NEW PALACE

The Viceroy's Wonderful Home

It is expected that the new Government House for India, in New Delhi, will be ready for the Viceroy at the end of October.

It was begun fourteen years ago, the plans having been designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, the architect who designed the Cenotaph in London. Now 3000 masons, carpenters, stonecutters, artisans, gardeners, and labourers are working day and night to finish it.

No wonder it has taken so long and will cost £1,250,000. The House covers five acres, and its grounds, including the garden, cover 330 acres. It contains 340 rooms. Its passages are 205 yards long. Among its features are 227 columns, 35 loggias, 37 fountains, and 14 lifts. The materials of which it is built include 1350 tons of iron and steel, 7500 tons of cement, 1,400,000 cubic feet of stone, and four and a-half million bricks. To walk all round the building and inspect its many rooms and features is a three-hours journey.

ROTARY SEEDS OF PEACE

The Rotary Clubs of the world might do worse than follow the example of the Birmingham Club, which invited an Egyptian student from Birmingham University to speak on "the only way to universal peace."

The Club did more than this, for it entertained a company of students from abroad and there were representatives of India, China, Japan, South America, Persia, Austria, and Germany. The day may come when some of these students are helping to govern their countries, and the seeds of friendliness sown in such gatherings as this will bear fruit.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

A million Savings Certificates are now being sold every week.

Last month was the coldest January in this country for 34 years.

William Nelson, of Donemana, Co. Tyrone, was working on his farm till he died at 100 the other day.

There were 21,000 inquiries made at Southend Corporation's information bureau in four months.

40,000 Careless People

About 40,000 people lose their Post Office bankbooks every year.

Bridge to Canvey Island

A bridge is to be built across Benfleet Creek, which separates Canvey Island from the mainland of Essex.

Hounds or Children?

It is said that it costs more to keep 25 packs of hounds than to keep 5000 children in Barnardo's Homes.

Charing Cross Bridge

The cost of the new Charing Cross Bridge is to be more than that of all the Thames bridges and tunnels up to the present time.

The Maid of Orleans

Many descendants of Joan of Arc's uncles, aunts, and brothers are to take part in the celebration of the five-hundredth anniversary of Joan's advance to the relief of Orleans.

G.P.O. £5.50.

The Post Office last year made a profit of over seven and a-half millions. The loss on telegrams was over a million. Over £800,000 was paid to the B.B.C.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

What Does Frittening Mean?

This is a North Country term for a spectre or apparition.

How Many Words Did Shakespeare Use?

About 15,000. Milton used only 8000, and the Old Testament contains fewer than 6000.

Who Designed the Present Wrapper of Punch?

Richard Doyle designed this, the sixth wrapper of Punch, which first appeared on the paper in January, 1849.

Is There Any Satisfactory Scientific Explanation of the Fact of Gravitation?

No; although the laws of gravitation as set forth by Newton and Einstein are known, the reason why all matter in the Universe attracts all other matter is not known.

When Were Top Hats First Worn in England?

The tall hat more or less in its modern shape and made of beaver skin was first worn in England about 1792. The silk top hat was introduced about 1840.

Must a Painting Bear the Artist's Signature to be Authentic?

Not necessarily; a painting can be known by its history to be authentic, although it may bear no signature; and on the other hand a signature is no guarantee of authenticity. It may be a forgery.

Did King Henry VIII Really Knight a Loin of Beef?

The story is told by Fuller in his Church History and it may be true, but the name is not due to this fact. It is a corruption of surloin, meaning above the loin. The story of the knighting is also told erroneously of James I and Charles II.

How Do Monkey Nuts Grow?

The monkey nut, ground nut, pea nut, or earth nut, as it is variously called, is a native leguminous plant of South America and the West Indies. After pollination the flower stalk lengthens and curves to the ground in which it buries the incipient fruit, which develops into the pods we know as monkey nuts.

What Causes Day and Night and the Seasons?

Day and night are due to the Earth rotating on its axis turning first one side and then the other to the light of the Sun. The seasons are due to the combined revolution of the Earth round the Sun in a year and its tilt. Full explanations will be found in the Children's Encyclopedia.

NEW ZEALAND'S SHOP WINDOW

Milk and Honey in the Strand

There is summer in the Strand. Overcoated people in the omnibuses, umbrellad passers-by, can see it. It is in New Zealand's shop window.

It is one of the jolly little sights of the Strand, as real a little scene from the other side of the world as could well be put into a window. A cow lows, moves its head, chews the cud, and waves a clockwork tail to keep off the flies. There are bees gathering honey in one corner. If their hum has to be imagined, at all events the honey is there.

Behind the bees and cow is the vision of green pastures and waving corn and sunshine everywhere. It is a pleasant reminder that when winter comes, or when the London spring is not all the fancy paints it, summer is not far behind.

It is also a hint that New Zealand is a land for Britons to live in, and a country prepared to supply Britons at home with the bread and milk and honey with which it flows.

BEAU JESKE

A Ride Across Five Countries

We may all hope that Frau Kuchler Jeske, who arrived in London in January on horseback, will have a pleasant stay. So few enter our gates in that fashion now, and Frau Jeske had been riding a long while to reach us.

Four months ago she could look into Russia from Lithuania. But her trusty steed bore her in turn across Lithuania, past the free port of Danzig into Poland. She left Poland for Germany and Belgium before she came into France across the battlefields and made her way to one of the Channel ports.

The Channel could not be swum, but Frau Jeske mounted her horse again at Dover and rode through the Garden of England to its county town. A peaceful journey, it can harm no one; and it was a great feat for a woman.

THIS KIND OLD WORLD

A Hertfordshire lady sends us this note about the kindness of the world.

A little time ago I went into a shop in a little sleepy town to buy a toy for a Christmas tree, whose toys, chiefly given by children, would go afterwards to the miners' children in the distressed areas.

The lady of the shop was busy putting away toys that had not been sold at Christmas-time, hoping no doubt to sell them next Christmas. She stayed to let me select my toy. Casually I told her what the toy was for, and then went on to the church and left it there.

Returning I met her with a big parcel in her arms. "Is the church open?" she inquired.

So she had not put her toys away for next Christmas after all. Isn't it a kind old world?

EGGS AND MILK

It is reckoned that about 1800 million hens' eggs were laid last year in England and Wales on poultry farms of over one acre, an increase of 800 millions since the days before the war.

About 3000 million eggs were imported from abroad last year.

The winning cow at a recent dairy show in the North of England has an average yield to her credit over the last three years of over 12,000 pounds weight of milk.



Never absent.
never late!

CHILDREN are healthy right through the winter if "Ovaltine" is their daily beverage. It builds up rich reserves of health and energy—thus enabling them to resist colds and epidemic infections, and keeping them in glorious health in spite of unpleasant weather conditions.

"Ovaltine" is as essential for school children as warm clothes and sound boots. It contains the concentrated nourishment extracted from Nature's tonic foods—malt, milk and eggs—and builds up sturdy bodies, strong nerves, and alert minds. "Ovaltine" children are quick at their lessons, fond of play, and as happy as the day is long.

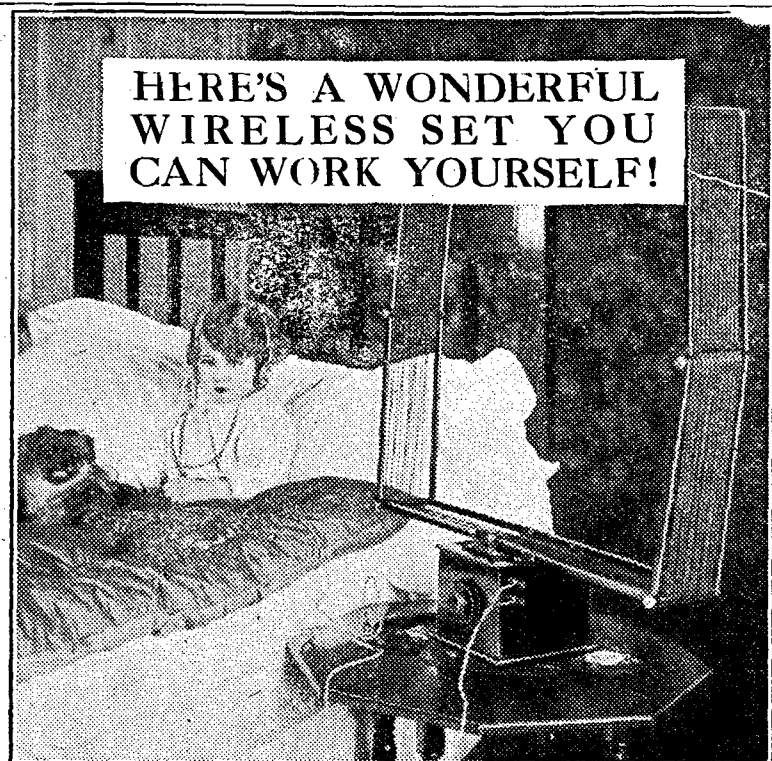
Instead of tea, plain milk or other beverages at or between meals let your children drink delicious "Ovaltine."

School Children must have

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland,
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.



IT'S called the "Crystallame." You can carry it from room to room, and into the garden, too. All you have to do is turn a knob. At once you hear the music—loud and clear. *Anyone* can work it! Tell Father about this wonderful Wireless Set. Tell him there are no valves to break, no batteries to recharge—nothing to go wrong.

SEVEN DAYS' TRIAL Tell him, too, that, complete with aerial and headphones, its price is **£3 10 0**, and that it will be sent from Head Office on trial for **ONE WEEK** to any address, and money returned if not satisfied.

Brown
"CRYSTAFRAME"

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THREE WONDERFUL FREE GIFTS

FOR SCHOOLGIRLS

Set of
**INITIAL TRANSFERS
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**DUCHESS of YORK and
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The MORCOVE ORACLE

This is the most remarkable and entertaining gift ever presented with any Schoolgirl's paper—mysterious, fascinating, amusing! The Morcove Oracle is an ingenious invention that will answer questions just like magic! Nothing like this has ever been given before. Don't miss it! It will provide you with hours of fun and startle your friends. There are many other delightful features in this famous paper.

**SCHOOLGIRLS'
OWN 2d.**

Every Tuesday.

Buy Your Copy NOW!

Make sure
of all these
Splendid
Gifts!

The Wild Beast's Paradise

WONDERFUL PARK OF 9000 SQUARE MILES

Over a Hundred Thousand Animals Roaming About in Perfect Freedom

INHABITANTS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST NATURAL SANCTUARY

The most popular tale Robert Louis Stevenson ever wrote was a story for all boys written round an imaginary map. Today one of the most fascinating State documents ever issued centres on a real map. It is a map which conforms strangely to a gibe against the explorers of his age written by Swift some two hundred years ago:

So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er uninhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

The map is a delightful picture of a unique stretch of country, the unparalleled sanctuary for wild life in South Africa known as the Kruger National Park, an area of nine thousand square miles, the greatest preserve of its kind in the world.

A Wild Beast Map

The glory of the chart is that in place of cities we have elephants, elands, giraffes, wildebeestes, zebras, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, hippopotamuses, warthogs, and all manner of antelopes. It is, in truth, a wild-beast map, and it accompanies a splendidly written account by the Game Warden, Col. J. Stevenson-Hamilton.

The history of the creation and development of the Park goes back to 1898, when President Kruger was persuaded to set aside a certain area as the unchallenged home of the remnants of the magnificent animals which possessed all South Africa until white men from Europe began to invade the continent by way of Cape Town.

Progress was checked by the Boer War and again by the Great War, and in the meantime white settlers had invaded the territory, speculative companies had got hold of land, and white men and black trespassed at large and poached without restraint.

Fanciful Stories Outdone

However, all's well that ends well; the boundaries are now finally fixed, private rights are met, laws are imposed and a staff of expert rangers is installed. Today we have an inventory, a map, and a recital of events in this huge domain which eclipse in interest all the fanciful stories of African adventure ever written.

In a word, the great animals of the reserve number today about 130,000, which is about 34 animals to each square mile of the country south of the Olifants River, and about six to each square mile for that to the north of it.

The character of the collection is indicated by the names on the map; but there are also lions, wild dogs, cheetahs, hyenas, various members of the smaller cat tribe, ant-bears and ant-eaters, porcupines, cane-rats, jackals, civets, genets, caracals, servals, ratels, mongooses, hares, squirrels, and hosts of lesser rodents. There is an immense reservoir of bird life, including ostriches, storks, egrets, rhinoceros birds, and myriads of smaller kinds.

All Types Prospering

The elephants form two great herds, and thrive. Some wander beyond preserved limits and pay the penalty; others make good the loss by retreating into safety from territory outside in which they are persecuted. All types are prospering and increasing except wild dogs, which tend to decline.

One of the surprises of the Game Warden's discoveries brings to light an astonishing fact. The wild beasts help to preserve the country from becoming desert. The hoofed animals meet at various settled places to roll in the dust, and by doing so they gradually form

depressions in the soil like the great bison wallows which used to mark the American prairies. When rain falls these wallows become catchment areas, which retain quantities of water and so keep vegetation alive. The mere action of the hoofs in beating the ground solid, as the animals walk their accustomed beats, serves to create reservoirs in which the water will lie.

Without this unexpected aid the dry surface soil would crack and powder under the heat of the Sun, would slip down every slope, expose the rocks underlying the shallow mould, and bring about conditions void of all vegetation such as now exist over thousands of miles of Africa, where the slaughter of game has been followed by the destruction of trees and the creation of desert.

The Fascinating Lion

The most fascinating animal of this great sanctuary is the lion, wandering fast and far. Lions are not uniformly distributed over the whole area, but prowl to and fro as the living tide of food serves. The lions must be as numerous here as anywhere in the world.

They are not allowed to multiply unchecked, or the sanctuary would soon cease to be a sanctuary for the great herb-eaters. The rangers kill a certain number of lions each year. Unofficial estimates have reckoned the number of lions in the reserve at thousands, but the actual number is probably about six hundred.

It is obvious that the Game Warden and his staff cannot parade their nine thousand square miles of territory counting lions. Lions are not sufficiently stationary to admit of census-taking in this way. To meet the situation the Warden has worked out a most interesting lion sum.

Killed by the Great Cats

He approaches the problem by a variety of routes. How many animals do lions kill? How many lions are born? How many die naturally? How many are slain in combat and by man? A return for one year shows that 475 animals killed by lions were found in the area south of the Olifants River. The number found would represent only a twentieth of those actually killed by the lions, so that for the year the number actually destroyed by the great cats was 9500 in this area alone. The Game Warden takes a modest estimate of the lion's appetite, and allows him only one kill a fortnight, and on that basis he numbers the lions in this area as 380 fully grown.

Next comes a calculation resting on the natural rate of increase, balanced by the annual death-rate. The number of lions shot averages about 150 a year, with a possible addition of 25 mortally wounded but not found. To that must be added 20 from natural causes, from accidents, and from mortal combat. Altogether about 200 lions die or are killed yearly in the reserve.

In Times of Stress

Under ordinary conditions a lioness gives birth every third year to two or three cubs. With abundance of food cubs are born every second year, and then a litter numbers three or four. Half the cubs die or are killed. Taking all the theories and figures, the lion census for both areas comes out at 600 in all, and to maintain these in both sections 13,500 other animals must die each year.

The flesh-eaters are given to strange diet in times of stress; a lion will eat a porcupine or a rat. Carnivores and birds of prey have to be spared or a ranger's house is overrun by rodents.

HONOUR CLEAN

The Mystery of
the Junior Cup

Told by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 43
Friday Morning

It was Friday morning. School had just come out, and in his lordly study over the Cloisters Ripshank stood at his window. His hands were plunged deep in his pockets, his features abstracted, and every now and then he turned round impatiently as though he expected someone, as in fact he did.

The first familiar footstep he heard was the labouring one with which his friend Winging Ann always came upstairs and slumped down his long corridor. Behind it, and before it stopped at his door, he detected on the flags a sliding flip-flap. That would be St. Pierre, who had cut his foot rather badly and had permission to trail round in slippers.

As soon as they had settled themselves Ripshank took up his own post on the hearth whence he could address them both without turning. They noticed that his lean, pallid face was unusually grave.

"Last night," he began, without any preamble, "three youngsters came up here to me with the most extraordinary yarn I've ever heard. They asked me to keep it secret till I'd told them what to do. I wouldn't promise that, but I did promise I'd keep it dark till I had consulted you two." Then Ripshank disclosed it.

"Did you ever hear the like of that?" he demanded.

As soon as they had recovered from their amazement Winging Ann grunted, "I say! That sounds rather tall!"

St. Pierre nodded sagely. "Too tall!"

"Then you don't believe it?"

"Well I'll need some convincing," the saint answered languidly.

"And you, Ann, old man?"

Anning shrugged. "Not straight off."

"Nor I," smiled Ripshank. "So I tell you what I shall do. Directly after dinner I'll go down to Frute, and check his end of it: he'll tell me the truth."

"Yes," uttered Winging Ann ponderously, "that's the idea."

"Then, whichever way Frute's story goes, we'll have Hendry's cousin up with the three youngsters, and—"

"But half a sec. Don't you remember that you had Hendry's cousin up in January—"

"Yes, on your suggestion, Ann, when he denied point blank that he'd ordered the furniture. If Frute bears him out we must have him up all the same to confront the youngsters. For if that part of their yarn is a lie the whole is probably a lie."

"Well, when will you have the four up?"

"On Sunday," said Ripshank. "There'll be no time this afternoon to go into it properly, and tomorrow we're playing Bedford; so it must wait till Sunday. Perhaps all the better, for if Major's guilty it will give him time to come and own up."

"But wait a minute! Is Major aware that they've told you?"

"I believe so. I fancy young Hendry told me he meant to warn him. So he may come along and save us the bore of the business," said Ripshank with a yawn and his old lazy manner.

Their saint raised his head and looked them both full in the face. "If you want my opinion," he drawled, "Major's more likely when he comes along to prove that they've slandered him."

It was an embarrassing situation for St. Pierre. When two people have been earnestly joined in the same cause they very often develop a mutual liking. And was not St. Pierre just fresh from that strenuous cricket in which Major had saved single-handed the side St. Pierre led? In consequence he had been drawn rather closer to Major, who on his part had naturally made the most of the chance of getting on friendly terms with a man of such standing.

"You know," he declared, "I think Major's rather a good sort. I believe he's been a good bit misjudged in the School. In short, to tell you the truth I like him. I didn't once. But I do now."

"Good!" exclaimed Ripshank. "Then the fellow's got one friend in Court."

St. Pierre paused and fixed his gaze on his damaged foot. "If you put it that way, he has," he agreed. "But if that's understood, I'll sit tight if you really want me?"

"Of course we want you," smiled

Ripshank. "We see what you're driving at and it's fair enough. Neither Ann nor I have said we believe the story."

"But I can't see their object in telling it," Winging Ann grunted.

"Nor I. Not at present. But they may have an object. Anyhow, let's drop the thing until I've seen old Frute and you've heard what he says." And he turned their chat into a pleasanter channel, where he kept it until it was time to go in to dinner.

CHAPTER 44
The Inquiry

THE four persons who entered Ripshank's study in a body after dinner on Sunday presented a startling difference in demeanour.

Young Hendry entered, looking the picture of shame. Puggie Randall and Pinion entered not without awe and some inward trepidation now that the crisis had come. The one betrayed his state by a clenched, set expression: the other looked very gloomy again and flat-spirited.

In deciding to seek Ripshank's advice Puggie and his partner had overlooked the chance that, whereas they themselves never questioned the story's truth for a moment, Ripshank was unlikely to accept it until he had probed it. It had dawned upon neither that Ripshank would hum and haw and pronounce that he must sift it before he went farther, and that he would call his two friends in to assist them. And, confident as they were that the truth must prevail, that these sitting proceedings could never brand them as liars, the mere fact of being haled before an inquiry did not conduce to their comfort.

Major's demeanour was different. Since his warning from Hendry on Thursday night he had not so much as uttered one word to any one of them, nor had he spoken to them just now when they met in the passage and proceeded in a body into the study. He had dressed himself very carefully, his hair was well brushed, and his pleasant features wore their frankest expression. He turned an undistressed face upon the tribunal.

He did not flinch at the arrangements made to receive them; but Puggie and Pinion did, for all looked so formal. The cosy, easy chairs had been cleared from the room, and instead of them a long, narrow table was set, whereat, with his back to the fireplace, Ripshank was seated. On his right hand sat Anning, cold as an iceberg; and at Ripshank's other side St. Pierre sat as stiffly, with his foot pushed out in front of him on a foot-rest. It had been his idea to make a ceremony of it. He had argued that the greater the formality the better the chance of extracting the truth.

"In everything of this sort," he had said, when they were discussing it, "external impressions create a great effect."

"But we don't want to terrify the youngsters."

"No, Ann, I know we don't. Still, when they come in here to find the room set like a Court they'll appreciate what a serious affair it's become."

So he had his way. There were no books lying about, there seemed only the pictures left, while in front of each of the three seniors pens and paper and all the paraphernalia for taking notes were displayed.

When Major stepped in he glanced round for a chair for himself. There was no other chair beyond the three occupied, but one of the smaller wooden forms had been fetched from a classroom, and was ranged against the far wall facing the table. To this bench he and his companions were motioned.

The Three considered them in silence for a few moments. Then Ripshank beckoned Hendry to come to the table.

"I want you to stand there, in front of us, Hendry," he said, "while I repeat the story I heard from Randall and Pinion." He stopped to whisper to Anning, who nodded his head. "If I've got the story wrong anywhere, Hendry," he resumed, "you may interrupt. Otherwise, don't."

"I understand," young Hendry replied. At last the hour of his suffering had struck. Having known for months what shame he would feel when he came to disclose how the Run had been won, having known for months what an unhappy business it would prove to explain his long silence without dragging in his motto—it amounted to that. And how could a chap drag in his motto!—he had been upheld all

Continued on the next page

ROWNTREE'S ALMOND BAR

"It's new, it's delicious.
Take some home to
the children to-night."



Crisp
Toasted
Almonds in
Delicious Milk Chocolate

* To-morrow! By Nathaniel Cotton.

To-morrow, didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow,
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penny
Against thy plenty; who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought, but wishes, hopes, and
promises,
The currency of idiots: injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow;

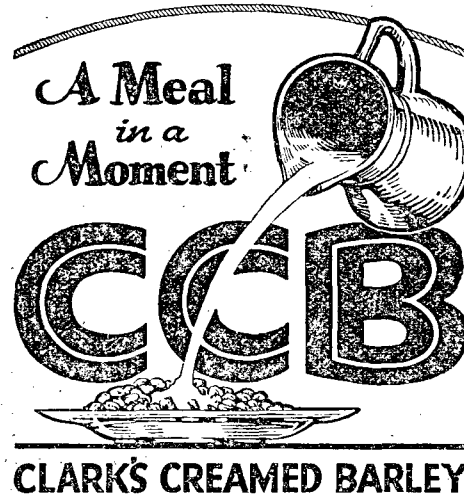
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar!
Wisdom disdains the word; nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis fancy's child, and folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and
baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.

BECAUSE To-morrow is such a cheat, will you get a 10d. packet of CCB from your grocer to-day? Not only will you realise the economy and convenience of "a meal in a moment" without cooking, but the appreciation of your household is assured. Moreover Clark's Creamed Barley is the most nutritious Cereal, quickly and easily assimilated.

**£100
for Suggestions.**

On the front page of the "Daily Mail" of January 25, CCB announced an Ideas Competition—prizes value £100. The competition will remain open until the end of March at least. Closing date will be advertised in the "Daily Mail." Send in your entries as soon as you can. Full particulars of the Competition, with the complete circus-clown story "Slap-Bang," will be sent post free on application to Clark's Creamed Barley, 72, Fleet Street, E.C.4. Every child should read or hear the beautiful story of

"SLAP-BANG"
Post Free.



CLARK'S CREAMED BARLEY

* Do not wait till To-morrow
Get a 10d. Packet of CCB from your Grocer to-day.

the same by the conviction that morally he stood blameless all the way through, because despite appearances he had followed his conscience.

He had not lost that conviction. It served him as armour. And yet the reality, now it was here, was dealing him blows which he could feel under his armour.

It had been bad enough, that confession to Puggie and Randall. It was worse to have to go through it all over again in front of these remote seniors and in such surroundings.

However, it had to be done. So he set his teeth and fixed his calm grey eyes steadily on Ripshank while he recited the story. Now and then Ripshank would pause, to mark how he took it. And young Hendry fancied that when their eyes met in that way he read in Ripshank's something far from unfriendly.

But impossible to make anything of Winging Ann's face. Nor of St. Pierre's, who was drawing little figures on his blotter all the time Ripshank was speaking and when he concluded.

"Now, is that true, Hendry?"

"Yes, it's true," he answered.

"All of it?"

"Yes. All of it," he said firmly.

Winging Ann regarded him from under his eyebrows.

"Hendry," he asked, "did I put you off in that match by letting out about Garry's promise if you took all ten wickets?"

"Yes," Hendry assented.

This brought St. Pierre's gaze from his blotter to Ripshank.

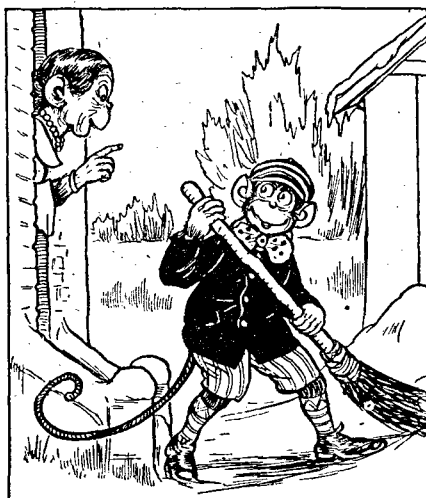
"In that case, Rip," he drawled, "the tale's sprung a leak. We've been told that it was his—er—self-imposed restitution scheme which stopped this chap from trying to get his tenth wicket. Now he tells us himself that a fit of nerves put him off!"

"It sounded like that," agreed Ripshank, fingering his lips. "Which was it, Hendry? A fit of nerves or the other thing?"

He could feel all their eyes upon him. And the room was so still while they waited. This explanation was the one of all he had dreaded most. It had been one thing to hear his vow related impersonally by a third party; it was such a different thing to have to relate it himself. From his own lips it would sound so smug and so

Continued in the last column

JACKO PLEASES NOBODY



'Dear me!' said Mrs. Jacko. 'The snow is so deep I can't open the door.' 'Don't worry, Mater,' Jacko said; 'I'll have it away in no time.' 'The young idiot has piled it up against the garage door,' cried Adolphus, rushing out; 'I shall have to walk for my train.'



'It will have to go somewhere,' shouted Jacko, shovelling his hardest. 'What are you up to?' cried the man next door. 'Take that snow away.' 'What am I to do with it?' cried poor Jacko, sweeping the stuff into the road. But the policeman's hand was on him, and Jacko fled.



far-fetched. While he was hesitating Ripshank broke in.

"Look here, Saint," he said. "There are some things which are easier to do than to talk about. Hendry's was one of them."

"He's hit it off to a T," young Hendry thought gratefully.

"But it may help us all if I tell you," Ripshank went on, "that I happen to know there's a motto in Hendry's family which they, well, feel honour bound to live up to. I can quite understand his reluctance to advertise it."

"So can I," owned St. Pierre. "But we've got to stick to the point, because that's the most incredible part of the story."

"What is?" came from Winging Ann. "That for winning the Run by mistake he should punish himself by deliberately crying off from any other prize of any sort. Perhaps I'm wrong, but isn't that what he pretends?"

"Maintains," uttered, Ripshank.

"Quite. I'm sorry," St. Pierre said.

"That is what he maintains. That incredible thing!"

"Well, anyhow he did it," growled Winging Ann.

"Or says he did," St. Pierre smiled, very insistent.

"All right. We can leave it at that for the present. Then Winging Ann reframed his question to Hendry:

"Were you or weren't you trying to get Baker out?"

"I wasn't," said Hendry.

"Then what did you mean by saying that I put you off?"

"That was true, too," returned Hendry.

"When you asked me just now I just answered your question. Directly you told me during the match that I should win a prize if I took Baker's wicket then I was forced—Ripshank's told you why—to try not to take it. That is how your news about Garry put me off, Anning."

"Rather roundabout," said Winging Ann, but I follow you."

Ripshank turned to St. Pierre.

"Well, any more questions?"

St. Pierre shook his head. "Though I may have later," he promised. "But I'd rather hear what Major has to say first!"

With a gesture Ripshank sent Hendry back and summoned his cousin to the table.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE KING AND QUEEN A Popular Life of Their Majesties

The deep interest aroused throughout the Empire by the illness of the King and the immense feeling of thankfulness at the King's recovery will give a new interest to a part publication now being edited, by Mr. J. A. Hammerton and published by the Amalgamated Press.

It is called Our King and Queen, and is to appear in fortnightly parts at 1s. 3d. each.

We have seen Part One, and all those who wish to have a Life of the King and Queen and a record of our times will find here a most beautiful illustrated book, with scenes from the history of our country during the last two generations. It will show us the part played by the King and Queen in the life of their time, and we meet here many famous people (statesmen, lawyers, authors, actors, scientists, and politicians) whose names are probably familiar to most of us though they passed before our time.

There are to be hundreds of photographs, many of which are now published for the first time, and each fortnightly part has a colour plate. The first part now on the bookstalls beside the C.N. is very interesting. Fathers and mothers will recall old memories when they see the pictures showing the costumes of thirty or forty years ago, and all of us can laugh at the quaint hats and crinolines of the ladies and the stiff formality of the old straw hat and sailor suits of the little princes.

We imagine that the pictures will be the great attraction of this work, for it is particularly interesting to us in these days to remember the days just before ourselves, and what they were like. The changes that have come about are wonderful; and it happens that in a work of this kind they can all be brought before our eyes in photographs.

A DOG'S MEMORY Very Like Our Own

This observation of a dog seems to show that the dog's memory sometimes acts very much like the human memory, by fits and starts.

Bob is an Airedale. Recently he lost his rubber plaything. For three weeks it could not be found. Bob was asked about it, and was told to find it. Evidently he understood, for he began to search, but nothing came of it.

Then one evening, as he was lying in the kitchen, he suddenly jumped up, ran to the cellar door and down the steps. In a minute or two he was back with his plaything.

There were three rooms in the cellarage. Apparently Bob had taken his ball down there, had become tired of playing with it, and had left it there. But at last a sudden recollection had come into his doggie's head and off he went to see if it wasn't true, and found it was.

That is what it looked like anyway.

THE PRINCE WHO FAILED

The café in Berlin was doing very badly. So the proprietor summoned his bottle-washer and told him that all was over.

It was a very poor café at the best. It had struggled on for a longish time since the war in a Berlin East-end slum; and it did not pay the bottle-washer high wages.

But the weekly pittance was his only income. He despaired of getting another job, and on his way home the shock to his mind was such that he had to be taken away to hospital. He died on his way there.

This unhappy and unlucky man was once heir to the German Prince Hohenlohe-Oeringen, who was several times a millionaire. The slum café to which he came down was his last step but one in a long career of going downhill.

THE KING A Wave of the Hand to the Nation

The fact that the King is enjoying all the sunshine available in his sun-room by the sea near Bognor has sent a thrill of gratitude and pleasure throughout the Empire.

The King's recognition of the loyalty and thankfulness of his people, shown by the repeated waving of his hand from the ambulance on his journey to the sea, has touched the hearts of all, and the prayers of the whole nation continue to be offered for His Majesty's complete recovery to health.

RIOTS IN BOMBAY Labour and Religious Troubles

All good friends of India have been saddened by the grave disturbances in the city of Bombay.

There, during a terrible week of rioting between Hindus and Moslems, some hundreds of people have been killed and injured, in spite of all that the authorities could do. As we write, the situation appears to be calming down, and it is hoped that order will be restored before long.

The trouble appears to have begun as a labour dispute, largely owing to the influence of Communist agents and other mischief-makers, and unfortunately the agitation has developed into a war of religions.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Batavia	Bah-tay-ve-ah
Irbis	Eer-bit
Mombasa	Mom-bah-sah
Moravia	Mo-ray-ve-ah
Seville	See-vill
Spoletto	Spo-lay-toe

THE BRITISH EGG A Better Chance For It NEW BID FOR HOME MARKETS

Britain has wakened up at last to one of the secrets of the success of foreign produce in her own markets: careful grading.

Under the guidance of the Ministry of Agriculture a beginning has already been made with the sorting and grading of apples and pears. Next come tomatoes and cucumbers; and plums and strawberries and potatoes are to follow. Ultimately the scheme will include poultry, meat, cheese, butter, and, above all, eggs.

At present Britain produces about 3000 million eggs a year, but imports still more, though she might meet the whole demand herself. Imported eggs, especially from Denmark, Holland, and Ireland, have a reputation for reliability, simply because they are graded.

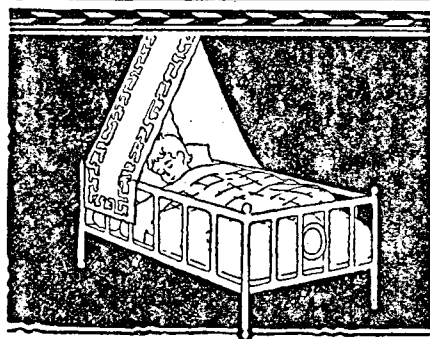
Already 120 egg-packing stations have applied to come into the scheme. The eggs will be graded in accordance with new national standards and packed in cardboard boxes bearing the National Mark. When that has been done all imported eggs, and all preserved eggs, whether British or imported, will have to be marked.

Then the housewife will know what she is buying. The most reliable eggs will find the best market, and these should surely henceforth be British eggs.

A CORRECTION

In last week's C.N. there appeared a picture which, according to the description, showed a crack in the dome of St. Peter's, Rome.

This information was wrongly given by the agency which supplied the picture. Structural repairs are taking place at St. Peter's, but the building shown in the picture was the Pantheon, the oldest complete building in existence.



In Infancy.

Benger's Food does much to lighten the anxious, happy task of Motherhood.

When a mother is unable to nurse baby, the best food is fresh cows' milk, suitably modified. In thousands of cases, every day Benger's proves itself to be one of the best of all milk modifiers.

Benger's is an entirely natural food, able to transform milk into a delicate food cream and adjust it to the infants' digestive powers.

Benger's Food, when prepared according to the directions, or as ordered by the Doctor, provides all the nourishment needed.

BENGER'S Food

Is sold in Tins, by Chemists, etc., everywhere.
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W. J. GORDON.

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WOVEN on FINE CAMBRIC TAPE
Neither washing nor wear will efface your sign of ownership if you mark your linen with Ca.h's Names.
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Can also be supplied on a slightly wider tape with name and address in two lines 2 doz. 3/6, 4 doz. 4/6.
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Ask Mother to make your frocks and 'nighties' from this soft cosy fabric...

'Viyella' Standard Weight.
Plain Cream 31 ins. wide 3/6
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Mother will enjoy making your nighties and frocks, or, if you are a boy, your shirts and pyjamas, from dainty 'Viyella' fine flannel. You will like the comfort and softness this British fabric gives, and Mother will like its long wear. On cold days 'Viyella' will keep you warm. On hot days, or after a hard game of cricket, tennis or basketball, 'Viyella' will keep you comfortable, too, by absorbing excessive perspiration and radiating it, thereby keeping your body at even temperature. 'Viyella' never "tickles," never irritates, no matter how tender your skin. You will always feel proud of your 'Viyella' garments. 'Viyella' is guaranteed not to shrink.

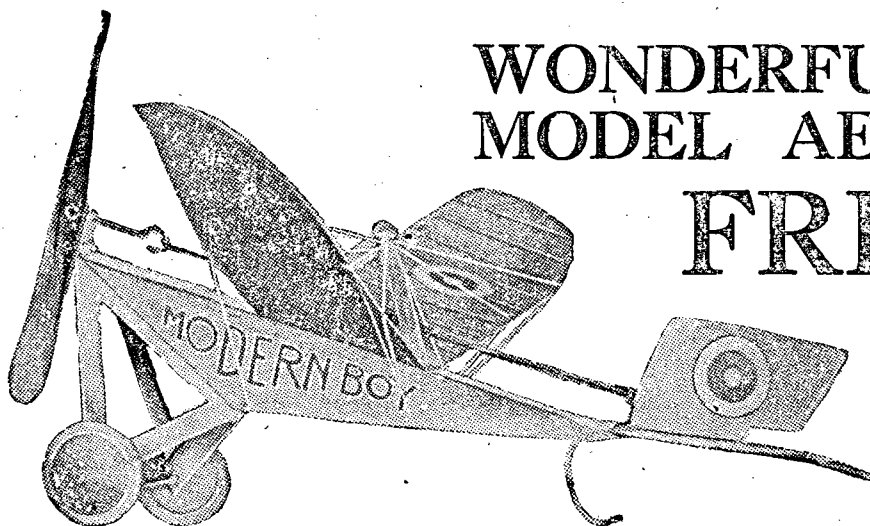
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BRITISH AND GUARANTEED.

TELL MOTHER TO BE SURE TO SEE NAME 'Viyella' ON DETACHABLE LABELS. If any difficulty in obtaining ask Mother to write for address of suitable retailer to Wm Hollins & Co. Ltd. (suppliers to Trade only), 897 Viyella House, Old Change, London, E.C.4



WONDERFUL FLYING MODEL AEROPLANE

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At all Newsagents and Bookstalls.

Buy a Copy TODAY 2d.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered weekly at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

February 23, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

A Charade

My first is not, more is my second, This puzzle, till guessed, my whole must be reckoned.

Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE ring dove is heard cooing. Rooks begin to build their nests. Flocks of wild geese are seen or heard returning northward. The heath snail is seen. Yew and alder begin to blossom. Pilewort and sweet-scented coltsfoot are in flower.

A Thing That is Past

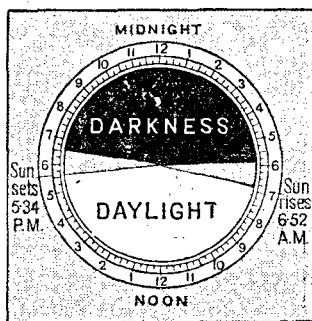
My first is in day but not in hour, My second is in sweet but not in sour, My third is in shine but not in glow, My fourth is in fast but not in slow, My fifth is in late but not in soon, My sixth is in star but not in moon, My seventh is in needle but not in pin, My eighth is in ankle but not in shin, My ninth is in yacht but not in mast, My whole is the name of a time that is past.

Answer next week

An Enigma
BEHOLD, two nearest neighbours we,
Who never can each other see;
Alike in form, alike in age,
The same pursuits we each engage.
If one shall weep at tales of grief
The other shares the sweet relief.
If tired of labour one is grown,
The other drops his curtain down.
Alas! that Nature should have fixed
A bar such kindred forms betwixt.

Answer next week

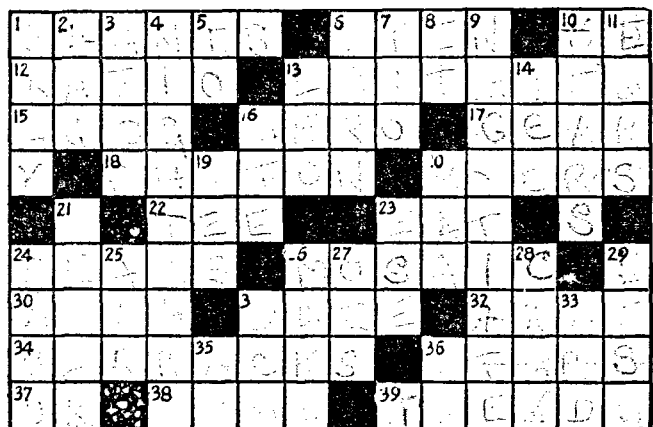
Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 50 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.

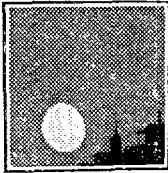


Reading Across. 1. Members of the vegetable kingdom. 6. A small bird. 10. Seventh note of the musical scale. 12. The relation one thing has to another as regards quantity. 13. One who delays. 15. In eager excitement. 16. Pertaining to the air. 17. Equipment. 18. An embryo plant. 20. Dutch colonists of South Africa. 22. A little heap of sand familiar to golfers. 23. Consume. 24. Flocks. 26. In-laid work. 30. A song. 31. Tostun. 32. African plant yielding a medicine. 34. Big house for soldiers. 36. Heavenly bodies. 37. United Kingdom (abbrev.). 38. Girl's name. 39. Lies in the direction of.

Reading Down. 1. To supply. 2. To loiter. 3. On top. 4. Bad dream. 5. In the direction of. 6. Injured by wear. 7. Spanish for river. 8. And. 9. To treat. 10. Signs of distress. 11. Strays. 13. Constellation of the Lion. 14. Small Portuguese denomination of money. 16. Devoured. 19. Affirmative. 20. What the sheep says. 21. Malayan State. 23. Compass point. 24. Forbidden. 25. A fluid. 26. Fabricate. 27. Ounces (abbrev.). 28. A tribe. 29. Fewer. 31. Distinguished conduct medal (abbrev.). 33. Ordinary (abbrev.). 35. Word expressing similarity. 36. Southern Railway (abbrev.).

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Mercury, Venus, and Uranus are in the South-West. Jupiter is in the South and Mars in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at midnight on February 27.

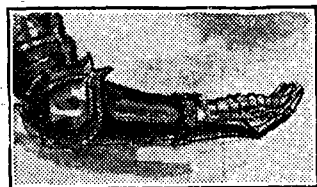


Do You Live at Worthing?

THE name of this seaside resort is probably derived from an Old-English word Worthing, which means an enclosed farm, the town having grown up on the site of what was once a farm.

What Shakespeare Meant

IN Titus Andronicus we read: "And of the paste a coffin I will rear, and make two pasties." The word coffin here is not used in its ordinary sense, but means the raised crust of a pie or pasty. "In my vantbrace put this withered brawn," occurs in Troilus and Cressida. Vantbrace is a word derived from the French



avant bras, a forearm, and is the name for a piece of armour to protect the lower part of the arm, as shown in the picture.

We find in The Winter's Tale the line: "I must have saffron for the warden pies." Warden was the name given to a variety of baking pear used in pies.

Ici On Parle Français



Le colimaçon Une araignée Le soleil
Le colimaçon porte sa maison.
La toile d'araignée est très fine.
Admirez donc ce coucher de soleil.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

How Far to the Station? 4 miles.

An Acrostic in Pictures
P e a S
I r i s h
L a k e
L a t e
O r b i t
W o r d s

A Word Square
B R A N D
R O G E R
A G R E E
N E E D S
D R E S S

Changeling

Cold, hold, held, head, heat.
Who Was He?
The Greatest of the Critics was William Hazlitt.

Dr. MERRYMAN

Not Those Knots

THEY were inspecting some motor-boats. "Here's a wonderful little craft," said the salesman. "She does thirty knots." "The cute little thing! But what a lot of rope she must use," said the lady. "And, pray, who unties them all?"

Mushroom Ketchup



SNAP called it Mushroom Leap-frog. But Snorum, just behind. To name it Mushroom Catchup Was rather more inclined!

And the Court Laughed

THE budding counsel was rather a bully. He was cross-examining an old carman. "You drive a wagon?" he asked the old man. "No, sir. I do not," was the reply. "But you said a few minutes ago that you did," triumphantly shouted counsel. "Oh no, I did not." "Now just remember you are on oath," said counsel angrily. "What is your occupation?" "I drive a horse," was the quiet reply.

Beware of the Parrot

A PARROT who'd learned how to bark. Exclaimed "It's no end of a lark To watch tramps slink away If I happen to say Bow-wow-wow!—a most harmless remark!"

Of Course

BETTY was doing her home-lessons when Jimmie poked his head round the door. "What always comes in pairs?" he asked. "Gloves?" queried Betty. "No; pear seeds," replied Jimmie as he made a hurried exit.

An Unknown Quantity

THE tobacconist tried hard to sell the cigars. "They are made from the very choicest leaf, sir," he said. "Rhubarb, tobacco, or cabbage?" queried the customer.



BABY-LORE for Mothers and Mothers-to-be

Everything the expectant mother needs, expert advice and real assistance in her preparations, and particulars of Baby's every early want will be found in Treasure Catalogues. They have been carefully compiled by experts in Baby-health and welfare, and are of importance to every expectant mother.

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- X.I. Childproof for Children.

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Fresh, alert, with a real appetite for breakfast and your daily work? If not add a cup of the 'Allenburys' Diet at 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. to your daily fare. Made from the finest selected whole wheat, rich creamy milk and an ample proportion of Vitamin D added, it is the ideal tonic beverage. Easily made and easily digested it gradually builds that great possession—a reserve of energy.

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TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

SYLVIA and Jenny had a beautiful little cooking-stove given to them at Christmas, and they loved trying to cook little dishes on it. But they were only doll's dishes, and they did wish they could make something grown-up and real.

Then one day after lunch, when spring-cleaning was on and the rooms upside-down, with men putting a new boiler in the kitchen, and everything topsy-turvy, Mummie dropped into her chair and said: "I would give anything for a cup of tea! But there's nothing to boil the water on!"

Then Sylvia had a lovely idea. She smiled at Jenny

and beckoned her up into the nursery.

There the two little girls laid their heads together. They got out the cooking-stove, and Sylvia, who was allowed to light the little oil-lamp as she was the elder, very carefully lit the wick. Jenny filled the little aluminium kettle with cold water and put it on the stove, while Sylvia flew down to the kitchen for tea and sugar and milk and a cup and saucer. The best doll's teapot, they found, just held one cup of tea; so that was lucky.

The two little girls thought a kettle had never taken so long to boil, but really it

was not very long before a nice cloud of steam was puffing out of the spout.



Sylvia was so excited that she could hardly pour the water into the pot.

Jenny was allowed to carry the tray with the tea-

SYLVIA MAKES THE TEA

pot and cup and saucer on it, and Sylvia followed with the milk-jug and sugar.

When their mother saw them she sat up in surprise. "Why, however did you make that?" she cried.

"On our stove," they replied proudly. "On our doll's cooking stove." "How lovely!" said Mummie. "But if I'm greedy enough to drink all the tea you must have something to eat. Where are the chocolate biscuits?"

They soon found the biscuits, and while they nibbled them Mummie drank her tea. She declared it was the nicest cup of tea she had ever tasted.